

THE

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

VOL. VII.

FOR JANUARY 1839.

NO. VIII.

NEHEMIAH'S EXAMPLE.

Original.

THE history of Nehemiah is the history of a determined soul whose heart was fixed on God, whose mind was enlightened to duty, and whose ambition was to obey his light. Nehemiah succeeded Ezra in the government of Judah and Jerusalem; he came to Jerusalem about 445 years before Christ; and by the commission he had received from the power that appointed him, he was authorized to rebuild the walls of the city, set up the gates again, and to make it as strong by battlements and towers as it was before the Babylonian vengeance was wreaked upon it. He commenced this 'great work' with vigor, and advanced it, though the Ammonites, the Moabites and the Samaritans, and other neighboring people, opposed him and the work bitterly, not only on account of the ancient bitter hatred between the nations, but also because of the different religion professed by the people of Nehemiah. The enemies were eagerly desirous of gaining the ground occupied by the friends of God, and goaded themselves to the most malicious attacks upon Nehemiah and his band by their envy of his success and advance. They resorted to every means, though low, contemptible, and wicked, which they thought would serve their purpose. But Nehemiah, by attending to his own work, by pursuing steadily the ends of his mission, by not pausing to heed every malicious and insulting thrust at him, and by his strong assurance that God would prosper him, succeeded wonderfully in building up the broken walls, and repairing the demolished gates. During the whole period of labor, so constantly were the people of Nehemiah surrounded with enemies who would impede their advance by the most treacherous tricks and underhand dealing, that while a part wrought the others stood to their arms in defence. See Nehemiah iv. 16—20.

One of the characteristic answers of this servant of God to three of his enemies, is worthy of consideration: 'And I sent messengers unto them, saying, I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?' They would have him notice all their forged stories, foolish lies, and wicked suspicions; but, no; he was doing a great work, and could not stoop to such small business. 'I know not,' says a learned writer, 'any language which a man who is employed on important labors, can use more suitably as an answer to the thousand provocations he may have to remit his work, enter into useless or trivial conferences, or notice weak, wicked and malicious attacks on his works and his motives. I am doing a great work; so I cannot stoop to your nonsense, or notice your malevolence. Why should the work cease, while I leave it, and come down to such as you?'

There is an easy application of this history. We are engaged in a great work, a work connected with the interests of the spiritual Jerusalem, a work that is of God, a work that needs much labor, much devotion, much self-denial, and a work that has many bitter, determined and malicious enemies, who will stop at nothing that can advance their purpose, or promise in the least to retard the work we have to perform. That great work is, to promote the true knowledge of God, of Christ, and human duty and destiny, and to make ourselves practical Universalists. It is not a small thing to do the one, nor the other; and he will do but little who lessens the magnitude of the labor, and who understands not the need and importance of engagedness of heart and mind.

The world is, as yet, spiritually ignorant; the gross darkness of superstition broods over a vast empire of mind; and the weakness of credulity and the power of sophistry palsies all the faculties of thousands in reference to the search for

the right in religion. How small a portion of our countrymen have as yet received the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, and what a vast field of mind has yet to be sown with the good seed of the truth! A great work! Yea, who, as he contemplates it, does not feel the littleness of man compared with the mighty task! Napoleon with his band crossing the everlasting Alps, the mountains of eternal snows, were engaged in but a slight effort, compared with the obstacles we have to encounter, and the labor required in this spiritual work. It was a bitter thing to brave the cold of those icy regions, but we have to withstand the coldness of the prejudiced human heart, and our task is greater. We have to battle with mind that is girded with error, and our work is the noblest; for the conqueror has done but little when he has triumphed over the outward man, but left the mind untamed and unsubdued. To make conquest of a nation is nothing compared with making the subjects of that nation the worshipers of truth, and the friends of God and humanity.

None can deny that it is a great work to promote the true knowledge of God, of Christ, of human duty and destiny; that knowledge of God that will cause him to be recognized as the Benefactor and unchangeable Friend of man; that acquaintance with Christ as shall make men regard him as the Sent of God, as the philanthropist whose love knew no bounds, who was the comforter of the mourner, the soother of the troubled, and the perfect example, the same yesterday, to-day and forever; and that familiarity with duty and human destiny, as will enable man to perceive honor, glory, and peace in the path of christian obedience, and eternal purity and blessedness as the gift of God.

This is a brief summary of a great body of divinity. Not coined by man are these truths, nor dependant on learned criticisms for their defence. They are of God; they are in his written word; his power will give them immortality, and without them in the soul man cannot have eternal life. *It is a great work* to make men believe and feel that it is so, that they may cast aside those dark imaginings that pollute the mysterious springs of the soul, and people the brightest path with the dread forms of terror, and that they may bow in adoration to the eternal spirit of Love. It is a great work and demands great exertions; yea, as determined and persevering friends as Nehemiah, with a like consciousness

that the work is of God, and that nothing can arise to surpass it in greatness, and that no power can prevail against it.

But our work is not all comprised in this. Knowledge without love is vain; faith without works is dead; hope without devotion is weak. We have, as a part of our great work, to prove ourselves practical Universalists. The people of Nehemiah were not only to build up the broken wall and repair the gates, but by other acts to prove themselves at heart the servants of God; and it is so with us. The gainsaying world will tell us that it is a small thing to be a Universalist; but let the world pass with its follies and scorn, the faithful know the greatness of their work. Christ is the pattern. 'Look at your pattern,' says the master to the learner, 'copy that correctly.' And a great work the learner feels he has to do, and his heart fails at first to attempt, so utterly hopeless is he of succeeding. Shall the christian estimate less the difficulty of copying correctly his great pattern? And the world have yet to learn that to be a Universalist in truth a man must be a christian. It is, indeed, a great work to practise our faith, to make our characters correspond with the high standard it presents, to open every avenue of the soul to its holy influences, and bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. When we bring in contrast the requirements, the beauty, and glory, of our doctrine, and our real secret tempers and dispositions, we may well be stirred with like emotions as when the psalmist contrasted the littleness of man with the magnificence and infinity of the upper world, he exclaimed, What is man! Every feature of that doctrine is stamped with the impress of God; every trait is beautiful as an angel's smile; every principle is in accordance with the noblest impulse of human action; and its every influence calculated to refine and elevate our nature. What else could be expected from a doctrine whose characteristics are impartiality, love, justice and truth, and requires of the believer that these be the prominent traits in his character? Ah! little knew the Jews the true character of Him they crucified, and little knows the scoffer of our religion how much it is allied to Christ and heaven.

Here then is *our* great work—to promote a true knowledge of God, of Christ, of human duty and destiny, and to make ourselves practical Universalists. A great work, indeed. And shall we come down from this to notice every

little missile that is hurled at us? to heed every jest and nonsensical remark made against it? No. The notice of their foolishness gives some people an importance they do not deserve, and an influence they could never of themselves have obtained. 'Take no heed unto all words that are spoken,' says the wise man, and it is a good caution, too much neglected, and its neglect causes much disputation that endeth in wrath. 'When they shall be hungry they shall fret themselves,' we read, and it is so with many who when hungry for argument, fret themselves because they cannot devise any; but it is wise to guard against the contagion of their fretfulness.

We should not come down from our great work to notice the malicious stories and slanders of its enemies, because we may be uncautiously led into the indulgence of a like angry or malicious spirit, and thereby we shall stop the progress of our great and important work. A man may start on a journey in the most pleasant mood, but if he tarries to notice and whip every snarling dog that comes in his way, he will be very apt to lose his temper before he ends his journey besides retarding the speed of his progress. It is so in the common affairs of life—in daily intercourse; if we make a serious matter of every light thing, we shall seldom retire at night in good humor with the world. To heed everything that every enemy of our faith may utter against our doctrine and its professors, is only to give heed to much that does no one any good, but spreads wider the wickedness of those who are bad enough without any one aiding them to become worse. Attempts to revenge an idle and foolish slander have proved to many like the act of the boy, who chased the bee that stung him till it reached its hive, and then had a whole swarm upon him; for true it is, that an undue notice of a babblers' story has only served to multiply the stings in the bosom of the injured.

Ridicule and jesting against truth have no point when they are borne with good humor. If he that uses them but makes his victim angry, his end is gained, his victory won; but the pitying smile makes him feel his own folly. Pitying smile, we say, for there is—we have seen it—such a smile, that tells with eloquence words cannot surpass, how much he is pitied who can resort to the lowest method of attack. We, however, must learn to discriminate, for there is a time when we should 'answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit,'

as well as a time when we should 'not answer a fool according to his folly, lest we also be like unto him;' but never is there or can there be a time for us to say, 'As he hath done to me, so will I do to him;' for our dear Master hath bidden us do good to them that despitefully use us; and it will do such no good to pay them in their own coin, because their own coin is bad, and worthless to all and every one. Bishop Warburton has remarked very forcibly on the two proverbs that I have quoted that seem against each other; he says: '1. The cause assigned for *forbidding to answer*, plainly insinuates that the defender of religion should not imitate the insulter of it in his modes of disputation, which may be comprised in sophistry, buffoonery, and scurrility. 2. The cause assigned for *directing to answer*, as plainly intimates that the sage should address himself to confute the *fool* upon his own false principles, by showing that they lead to conclusions very wide from, very opposite to, those impieties he would deduce from them. If any thing can allay the *fool's vanity*, it must be the dishonor of having his own principles turned against himself, and shown to be destructive of his own conclusions.' This is an admirable comment, and marks out the course of the honorable man very plainly; we should never in vindicating our own opinions resort to the same despicable means of those who deal in sophistry, buffoonery, and scurrility; we should not *imitate* them, though we may, should circumstances require, justly and honorably turn upon our opponent the weapon he points to us, and prove to him that it was formed against himself. Am I told by one, as an argument against our faith, that Universalism was first preached by Satan to Eve in the words, 'Thou shalt not surely die,' I feel free to show him that Universalism teaches that the threatened did surely die the very day of transgression, and as Orthodoxy teaches they did not die that day, nor certain whether they died at all in the sense they take the word *die*, therefore the father of lies was the first preacher of that system.

Much discrimination is needed in the christian to guide when and how he should repel the attacks of the unbelieving. He should always be cautious lest that faith which should be as dear as personal honor, be dishonored. That much evil is said of our faith because of the rashness of some of its friends—friends who love it dearly—cannot be denied. It is constitutional with some

to be passionate whenever anything that is near and dear to them is recklessly assaulted—they cannot stop to weigh consequences, to ask how their warmth may appear to the cool observer, but from the impulse of the moment reply and not too softly. Such are generally the best, most sincere and honest at heart, and may I not add, this fault in them ‘leans close to virtue’s side’? Indeed we are all inflammatory enough, and ‘keep cool’ is oftener given as advice than practised by the advisers; and we all need to carefully guard ourselves, lest, ere we know it, through the deceitfulness of excitement, we be betrayed into the utterance of speech, and the performance of actions, which will reflect no credit upon our profession of faith. ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



THE TRUE VINE. NO. III.

Original.

‘I am the true vine. My Father is the Husbandman.’
JOHN XV. 1.

IN the two former numbers, we took notice of the vine and showed its application to Jesus and his doctrine. But the Divine Instructor goes farther. He directs the attention of his disciples to the Husbandman, and to the branches. We shall, therefore, proceed to consider the manner in which this vine is supported, and the object for which it was planted. To the Father, Jesus ever turned for support. As the vine is dependant on the rail, so did the Savior ever consider himself dependant on God. Separated from his Father, the Husbandman, he would wither and die. ‘I do nothing of myself,’ said Christ; ‘but as my Father hath taught me I speak these things.’ ‘I and my Father are one.’ ‘If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father’s commandments and abide in his love.’ To support this vine all power was given: ‘Jesus came and spake unto the disciples, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.’ ‘Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.’

This vine appeared at first as a feeble plant, scarcely able to throw out its tendrils, but it soon struck its roots deep in the earth, and put forth its branches. It has now attained a growth that no earthly power can destroy, and it will eventually spread ‘from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.’

But for what object did the Husbandman plant this vine? It was for the world. It was in accordance with an ancient promise to the patriarchs, that all nations should be blessed. Mankind needed consolation. No system had ever been presented that man could cling to for support. There were vines of human planting, but they ‘brought forth sour grapes, and the children’s teeth were set on edge.’ Bitterness, sorrow and death grew on them. They were offensive, noxious, and poisonous.

‘Their grapes are grapes of gall;
Their clusters are bitter.
Their wine is the poison of dragons,
And the cruel venom of aspics.’

They were of a perishable nature; originating with man, they were destined to share his fate. They were carefully hedged round, high towers were placed on the walls, and watchmen stationed there, but all to no end. They resemble not ‘the true vine,’ planted by the great Husbandman, that will live through all time and flourish through eternity. There we trust to see it in all its pristine beauty, and to pluck living fruit from its branches forever.

The branches of this vine will be considered in our next number. C. S.



CHOICE OF BOOKS.

Original.

THIS is an age of books. The art of printing is of but recent invention; yet a variety of presses have been projected, and those which will turn off the greatest number of sheets, are patronized in preference to the old dilatory presses used by our forefathers: they are even sought for by publishers in very moderate circumstances; so that books and periodicals, of all descriptions, are multiplied to an enormous extent, throughout the land.

In olden time it was somewhat difficult to get hold of a book of any description; and none but the learned could be called great readers. But in these latter days, there are none so poor who cannot fill up all their leisure time by reading. Books, newspapers, and periodicals, are found alike on the centre table and the dresser—in the palaces of the opulent, in the tenement of the mechanic, and the hut of the peasant. Every man reads the newspaper, and every young woman has her library, whether she be the daughter of a merchant or a day laborer.

In these days, instead of inquiring where we can get a book, we ask what book we had better get. It would be well if this question were asked even more frequently than it is. We are too much accustomed to disregard the influence which books are calculated to work upon the mind. Many parents who would shudder at the thought of throwing their children into the society of bad men, do yet exhibit great indifference with regard to the kind of books which fall into their hands. This is the more to be deprecated, as sentiments which are read, generally have a greater influence over the youthful mind, than those which are orally delivered. It is customary to praise children who are fond of books; and they imbibe the idea that all which they see in print is true—not remembering that it is as easy for a man to commit erroneous sentiments to paper, as to pronounce them with the organs of speech. It is true, that decidedly lewd and profane works are only current among the most vulgar classes of society, and that, in committing his thoughts to paper, an author will avoid much of the colloquial profanity to which he may be accustomed, from a decent regard to public opinion. But it is easy for an ingenious man of impure heart, so to attire and refine the grossest ideas, as to render them passable with many who would shudder at the same sentiments, if things were called by their common names.

We all understand how the most trite or unmeaning ideas may be so clothed in 'elegant language', as to deceive the superficial reader, and draw forth his misplaced admiration. We have also seen some of the most ungain and depraved men attired in regimentals on training days; and we know that splendid gilding will not transmute wood or the baser metals to gold.

These remarks apply with tenfold force to moral and religious themes. The vilest and most debasing philosophy may be taught while the reader imagines that he is reading the works of a very moral or very religious author. Opinions ruinous to the kinder feelings of the heart, and highly derogatory to the character of the Supreme Creator, may be met with in many of the books and periodicals which abound in our land and in Europe.

I know that there has lately been an interest awakened on the subject of romances. Many of these are chiefly to be censured on account of the silliness of the scenes described in them, and the everlasting descriptions of love adventures,

fainting fits, and enthusiastic protestations which amount to nothing in the end. The novels of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Bulwer are, however, unexceptionable in this respect—also those of Mr. Cooper. I am not so much alarmed about fictitious writings, as many cold-hearted individuals, who might improve their manners and dispositions somewhat by perusing them. To a young person of visionary mind and fidgety imagination, I would recommend something more solid—natural philosophy and mechanics. But to those persons who have no taste for anything but the useful arts—who would rather learn how to lay up money for their own use, than to cultivate the warm affections of the heart, I would recommend a studious perusal of romances. No novel, which is not absolutely immoral, can possibly harm them. The sun glittering on the ice islands of the North, may beautify if it cannot melt them.

It is a mistaken notion that young persons should read nothing which does not conduce to their improvement in worldly knowledge. If this world was our home, it would be an object to make great provision for the outward man; and works of blunt utility should be used in preference to others. But we should then be different creatures: we should have been formed much like the beasts of the field, and being brutes in nature, should have been capable of receiving no interest from books which did not teach how to make provision for our stomachs. Were a swine capable of reflection, many of the works on household economy and thrift would be admirably adapted to his taste. Fictitious and highly poetical works may be read with great advantage; and first on the list stands the BIBLE, which, instead of teaching us to bend all our attention to our earthly wants, says—'Take no thought what you shall eat, or what you shall drink.' More persons are drawn away from the kingdom of heaven by what are termed useful books, than by those addressed to the imagination. Earthly-minded people are seldom fond of poetry or romance. They apply themselves mainly to worldly pursuits, and are assiduous in laying up their treasures where the moth corrupts, and where thieves break through and steal. The parables of the Savior and many other parts of the scriptures, are examples of fictitious writing, and few novels contain more affecting passages than the story of the Prodigal Son.

But our religious works are the most exceptionable of any writings extant. The frequent

and careless use of the blessed name of the eternal Author of the universe, coupled as it is with trivial and vulgar errors, is calculated to lower our veneration for his character. This is indeed a great fault. When the standard of perfection is lowered—when thoughts and motives and feelings are attributed to the Supreme Being which would be degrading even to an eminent man, those who are taught to regard him in such light, will, of course, become proportionably deteriorated in mind and will. The servant cannot be expected to be more righteous than his Lord.

Many religious works are calculated to mislead the minds of youth, and teach doctrines not consonant with the tenor of the scriptures. Yet they are our religious publications which make a more lasting impression upon young people than any other. Nor can it be denied that the constant reading of these pernicious books—which irreverently introduce the name of the Almighty on every occasion, and which give to him all the attributes of a revengeful man—must exercise an injurious effect on the minds and conduct of those who have reached the age of maturity.

We always take the name of the Creator in vain, when it is used on an occasion which is not sufficiently dignified to warrant the introduction of it. It is no better than profane swearing, to make the divine name an expletive in professed religious works; and a constant reading of such productions is calculated to destroy our reverence for it. We should choose books as we choose companions, for they exercise even a greater influence over our character than they.



DREAMS.

Original.

THE phenomena of dreams afford much food for agreeable speculation. The singular character of many dreams—their dissimilitude to the objects with which we are most conversant—the extreme horror with which they sometimes affect us—render them subjects of no common interest. I know there are many persons who despise dreams; and I do not intend, in the remarks which I shall make, to plead for their supernatural importance. Whether they are or are not prophetic of approaching events, shall not be the subject of my present inquiry.

Dreams have been thought to afford an argument for the immortality of the soul. When the body is prostrate, when all our senses, but that

of feeling, are benumbed, and of the existence of the latter we are insensible, only so far as it may sometimes operate upon our sleeping visions; when we neither see nor hear anything which is passing around us; when our minds no longer rest under the dominion of the senses, then we seem to be introduced into a wholly new state of existence. Unreal as our visions may be when viewed in connection with things as they appear when we are awake, still their reality is not doubted at the time that they are presented to the mind. The passions are alive. Hope, joy, fear, anger and disgust are in full vigor; and it is not always easy to divest ourselves of those feelings when we awake from an exciting dream. In our dreams we never experience surprise, because stern reason is not awake to compare the scenes presented to our fancy with those which we have been accustomed to witness. Hence nothing appears strange. Everything seems perfectly natural and right; even as events may be supposed to affect the mind of an infant, who, being unable to form an idea of propriety, on account of its slender experience, laughs and exults at sight of a conflagration which sweeps a vast amount of property to ruin, and even threatens the house of its parents. However dissatisfied we may be with the occurrence in our dreams, we are not surprised at them—however extravagant they may be, we do not compare them with our prior experience and doubt the evidence of our senses.

It may be said that all this is easily accounted for on the ground that, though reason slumbers, the brain is still alive and retains the same impressions as in our waking moments, and that by a combination of these impressions, the strange images of the night are engendered. Yet it does seem to me a little singular that the brain should be so much more alive in our sleep than it is when we are awake. Let a person close his eyes and ears and endeavor to banish everything from his mind, and the result will be that he may scarcely be said to imagine anything. Let him try to conjure up such visions as he witnesses in his sleeping moments and the attempt will be utterly abortive. A sort of senseless, unmeaning silence or inanity will be the result of his endeavors. On the other hand, let us imagine how very active the mind must be during the hours of sleep. How many various events are we witness to, how many combinations of ideas, how many scenes do we pass through; how continu-

ally is the imagination kept on a stretch, and how violently are our feelings, our passions, our sympathies called into play! Had a tithe of these events really occurred in our waking moments, both body and mind would have been exhausted; yet we rise from the couch relieved from fatigue, and prepared to undertake anew the labors of the day. Hence it is very evident to me that in our dreams we are introduced to another kind of existence. We run and are not weary, we walk and do not faint; we are wounded and are not disfigured, we are killed and are yet alive. The mind is kept in continual operation, and yet the brain is refreshed. We are weary in our sleep, and our energies are restored when we awake. It frequently occurs that we do not recollect our dreams at all. At other times we can only remember that we have had a very exciting dream, but cannot call to mind a single event connected with it. The more sound we sleep, the less likely we are to remember our dreams; and it yet remains to be proved that persons who have lain for hours, nay whole days, as if dead, were not vividly alive in mind and in imagination, when they were supposed to be wholly insensible. When St. Peter lay in a trance he had a vision, and he recollected it when restored to earthly consciousness. I think it very possible that the mind of man is always in operation; and it may be that when an individual has been struck senseless to the earth, and remains in that condition for some time, his mind is carried away in imaginings too great and too uncommon to be brought to mind, when the body again asserts its animal prerogatives.

If persons who have dreamed during a sound sleep have not been able to recollect their dreams when they waked, how much more improbable is it, that a person who has been in a state of utter insensibility should retain any trace of those things which had passed through his mind, when he became restored to life, and to the use of his bodily senses. Neither is it proper to say that our imaginings during the hours of sleep are but a repetition of the impressions which we have received through the medium of the senses during our waking hours. We cannot call them combinations of our waking impressions with any propriety. That they are sometimes so, I freely confess; but if in a single instance they are not so my point is gained. When a man dreams that he is lifted up, far above the houses, and walks upon the air, where is the combination of

events? It is a dream which I have frequently had; yet, until I dreamed it, the idea had never entered my mind. To use a colloquial phrase—the idea was made out of whole cloth; and it struck me as such upon waking. I did not dream of flying like a bird—I did not dream of ascending by the aid of a balloon—or of dangling at the end of a rope; but I was ascending into the air, and kept myself up by beating the atmosphere with my right hand. At other times no exertion appeared to be necessary—I merely willed it, and ascended.

It is very fashionable to despise dreams. Men who despise anything which the Creator has designed or formed, are objects of pity themselves. I might say more on this subject—I might present the visions of the night under still another aspect. But it is my wish in this article to avoid contested points, and merely to throw light upon those which are indisputably evident to all readers.

As christians, as believers in the Bible, we cannot deny that dreams were once deemed of importance by the servants of God. This circumstance, alone, should save them from contempt. If this vehicle of supernatural revelation is no longer used by the Almighty Power—and I do not pretend to give an opinion on that subject—it still cannot be regarded as contemptible. It is the chariot of cloud in which the angel of the Lord was wont to descend for the instruction of mankind. Dreams were not despised by the Almighty. They should not be contemned by his creatures.



POWER OF VIRTUE.

Original.

THERE is a power in virtue, in truth, in honesty, which no man and no nation has yet been able to resist. Even the assassin stabs his victim under the plea that he has been guilty of some nefarious act. The infidels oppose christianity on the ground that its professors have been guilty of improper acts—acts which christianity, itself most loudly condemns; for how can he do evil to his fellow-man, who loves his neighbor as himself?

It is the very nature of righteousness to do good to men; and what man can be offended at the good will of his fellow? Universal peace would be the consequence if every man exhibited a disposition to do nothing injurious; but to

benefit his brethren whenever it was in his power to do so.

Hence virtue is the great cement of the human family. It is but to acknowledge the brotherhood of mankind in our words and our actions, and universal harmony will prevail. Who has not seen the respect which vice pays to virtue. I do not mean to say that the wicked will respect every man who professes to be religious. They know too well that the appearance of religion is often assumed as a garment—as a Shibboleth of no consequence in itself, only that it serves certain convenient purposes. They know that it is possible for a person to have false ideas of religion. But let a man be found upright in all his dealings, let him be proved above bribe or threat, let him evince a uniform regard to the well-being of the human family, and the worst men will confess his merits.

There is something real, pungent and impregnable in *the right*. All men are alive to the claims of justice, truth and mercy; and no man is hated for the possession of those qualities, when it is discovered that he has them in reality, and not in appearance merely. Let no one, therefore, be weary of well-doing. Wisdom will be justified of her children, even in this world, for God made it. Righteousness will be glorious in the eyes of men, for they are the children of God. No man extols injustice, though he may judge incorrectly with regard to its application. Every one acknowledges the excellence of virtue. Why, then, do not all men practise it, since it is their highest glory to do so?



INTEGRITY.

Original.

AFTER the restoration of the Stuarts, in the person of Charles the Second, John Milton was pressed to take a lucrative office under the crown. He had been a firm adherent of Cromwell, and could not consent to serve a king. His wife, however, could see no reason why a good salary should be rejected, and he replied to her importunities, 'Perhaps that you would like to ride in your coach, but I wish to live and die an honest man.'

That noble answer was characteristic of the stern patriots who dwelt in England, in those days; and it was such unswerving fidelity to

principle, which brought about the revolution, which overcame a tyrant king, and exalted Oliver Cromwell to the highest official dignity. We do not intend to give an opinion concerning the merits of that revolution; but only to point the reader to the steady and unyielding course pursued by the republicans of that period—and particularly the disinterestedness of Milton's reply to his more worldly wife.

Without this inflexibility of purpose nothing great was ever achieved; and so many men are traitors to virtue when interest pleads, that the world continues advancing and receding in moral excellence, and but little steady progress is made. It is for want of this stern and unyielding integrity, that there are so many empty professions among men in political life—that religion has been so much disgraced by heartless pretenders to piety, and that so many observers of human conduct have been induced to declare that virtue is but an empty name. One such speech as that of John Milton, with corresponding practice, goes very far to redeem virtue from the slanders which are so frequently uttered against her.

But the practice of sacrificing interest to principle, is so exceedingly rare now-a-days, that it is generally thought a man must be a lunatic or an idiot, to let a little matter of conscience stand between him and a good salary. A general weakness of moral principle seems to be prevalent as a set-off against the more liberal spirit of the age. I account for it in the following manner: it is of no avail to preach up endless flames in the next world, unless racks and faggots are plentifully used here. When the principle of fear is held up as the motive for virtuous action, it must be seconded in this world, to have an abiding effect. In olden times, the christian church understood all this well. Virtue and orthodoxy were plentifully propped up by edict and bull, while, in the days of our pilgrim fathers, the whipping post and gallows, the stocks and the pillory, sufficed to keep sinners in remembrance of the endless miseries of another world.



It is no shame for a man to learn that he knoweth not, whatever age he may be.

Alexander the Great valued learning so highly, that he used to say, 'that he was more indebted to Aristotle for giving him knowledge, than to his father, Philip, for life.'

Wisdom adorns riches and shadows poverty.

SHADOWS, BLIGHT AND SUNSHINE.

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

FILL high the cup!—the cup with roses crowned—
And bid the mantling wine flow freely round;
Let wit and mirth the flying moments share,
And the red nectar banish every care.

Drink of the gods—ambrosial dew—I sip
Thy honeyed sweetness with a longing lip:
Thou art mine only comforter, to thee
I fly from thought—from thought and memory.

But still a shadow comes upon the glass;
Like broken promises the bubbles pass.
The glow and freshness of the hour depart,
And the wine leaves me with a heavy heart.

Bring me my hoarded wealth—a precious store—
And let me count the glittering treasure o'er,
For which I toiled through many a weary day,
And wore the brightness of my years away.

A mist is stealing o'er the diamond's light,
The yellow gold grows leaden to my sight,
The sapphire's lustre and the ruby's blaze,
No more afford me pleasure as I gaze.

My thoughts are troubled and my cheek grows pale;
I hear the widow's sigh, the orphan's wail—
Ill-gotten wealth! how worse than vain art thou,
To smooth one furrow on the care-worn brow.

Where are my troops of friends whose ready wiles
Could cheat my lip to wear unwonted smiles?
The fawning followers, and the gazing crowd,
Who hailed my coming with their plaudits loud?

Alas! those self-styled friends my presence shun,
Their once full ranks are thinning one by one;
I pass unheeded through the silent streets,
No more mine ear the flatterer's music greets.

My day is o'er—my race is nearly run,
Some other idol has their homage won.
Oh Fame and Friendship! brief must be your reign
With those whose deeds your sunbright garments stain.

Let the seared heart its vain complainings cease,
The virtuous only can be blessed with peace;
Then take my friends, my fortune, and my fame,
And give me back my sinless days again.

Hartford, Ct. 1838.



DIALOGUE.

Original.

Mrs. W. My Sophia appears very thoughtful this evening. Can my advice be of any service?

Sophia. Yes, mother. I have been pondering on what you told me to-day respecting falsehoods.

Mrs. W. I believe I did not say much on the subject, as I was in haste at the time. But if any explanation is necessary, I can conveniently attend to the matter now. I think that you

smiled meaningly when Patty asked what were the tidings from her mother.

Sophia. I did; but I have been puzzled to make out how there can be any falsehood in a smile.

Mrs. W. Perhaps you have no objection to tell me *why* you smiled.

Sophia. Not in the least. I am sure that I meant to do a kind action. You know that poor Patty is very nervous. Ever since she heard that her mother was ill, she has done nothing but moan and sigh. I am sure she has made herself unhappy without reason.

Mrs. W. That is true.

Sophia. Well, I pitied her. When John came from the country this morning, he brought intelligence that the good woman was no better, although no one but Patty entertains the least apprehension. When Patty, therefore, inquired of me what news John had brought, I turned her off with a cheerful smile, and she went away in the full belief that her mother had recovered wholly from her illness. Had I told her the plain truth she would have been very unhappy.

Mrs. W. You did very wrong.

Sophia. But I did not tell her that her mother had recovered. I spoke not a word. So, how could I have told a falsehood?

Mrs. W. It was your intention to give a false impression. You did give a false impression, and, therefore, you made Patty believe something which was not true.

Sophia. But that is her own fault, is it not?

Mrs. W. Even if it were her own fault, did you not aid her in deceiving herself?

Sophia. If I did, I could not help it. Suppose that whenever I saw you smile, I should take it into my head that you had heard some good news, or had received a present, would you be to blame because I had received a false impression?

Mrs. W. You do not yet appear to understand me. The desire to deceive constitutes the fault. If we, at any time, only feel a preference for error over the truth, the lying spirit dwells in us. The face is said to be the index of the soul. If, when people seek in our face for a knowledge of facts, we give to it an expression foreign from what dwells in our heart, for the purpose of making them believe an error, we are as much guilty of falsehood as if we expressed the same thing in a form of words. The crime lies in a deceitful disposition.

Sophia. I think I understand you now. But surely mine was innocent deceit.

Mrs. W. That is a new phrase, and must have taken its rise from a new school of christian philosophy, more remarkable for the originality of its doctrines than the consistency of its morals. I know of no such thing as 'innocent deceit.'

Sophia. But have I not saved Patty a great deal of needless suffering, by giving her to believe that her mother is now well; and could the poor girl have done anything for her mother, even if she had known that her health remained the same?

Mrs. W. Let us see to what your principle would lead. You know that old Job Jones is afflicted with a chronic disease, and that, in all human probability he will not recover. It would be an absolute miracle if he were to get well. He is now suffering great pain. Suppose that some benevolent individual were to send the doctor to him for the purpose of administering a potion which should put him quietly out of existence; would you not say that no evil was done, for—

Sophia. But, mother, that would be murder!

Mrs. W. Yes—innocent murder, according to your new system of ethics. Poor Job will never enjoy another moment's ease on this side the grave. Now can you see that anything but good may arise from his immediate death? While he lives he suffers, and his poor wife is obliged to labor very hard, with her own hands, for his support. His decease would relieve her from an intolerable burthen; and it would also remove him from pain and wretchedness.

Sophia. All that you say is certainly true. But we have no right to take that life which we cannot give.

Mrs. W. Not if it will do good? Not if it is calculated to prevent unhappiness?

Sophia. I shudder at the question. It cannot be right to take life. We should wait the Almighty's own time.

Mrs. W. But how can we judge what is right or what is wrong but by the consequences which are likely to result from our actions?

Sophia. We cannot always foresee all the consequences; and, therefore, we must obey the laws of the Creator, and leave the consequences to him.

Mrs. W. I am glad to perceive that you have arrived at so just a conclusion. I trust you are

now willing to acknowledge that there is no such thing as innocent deceit.

Sophia. Yet I think there is a little difference between the two cases.

Mrs. W. Please explain.

Sophia. Every body can see that murder is always a crime. It is doing violence to a human being. Whereas deceit merely operates upon the mind of the person who is deceived. It leaves no wound, and is either good or bad, according to the intention of the person who deceives.

Mrs. W. Although deceit operates merely upon the mind, yet you acknowledge that its consequences may be painful or otherwise. Had Patty's mother been well, and had you told her that she was dangerously ill, you will acknowledge that you would have been guilty of an act of wanton cruelty. But the fact is, that the truth is the property of every human being. God is true, and as the children of that great Being we all have a claim on truth. Whoever deceives me robs me of a mental good, cheats me of a truth, and leads me astray. It is not for us to say that good will result from our falsehood. If we would strive for perfection, we must imitate the attributes of Perfection. As you just now observed we must obey the laws of the Creator, and leave the consequence to him—knowing always, that in the end good will be the result of virtue.

Sophia. Did you not hear the sound of weeping?

Mrs. W. I hear it now. It proceeds from Patty's chamber. Will you not step up to her and inquire what has happened.

[Sophia is absent a few moments and returns.]

Sophia. It is that poor girl.

Mrs. W. You look very pale—has any thing unusual occurred?

Sophia. Nothing very impor—[bursts into tears.]

Mrs. W. Compose yourself, my dear; has Patty learned that her mother remains indisposed?

Sophia. She has seen John. I shall never forgive myself.

Mrs. W. John has told her the truth, as you heard it from his lips. But I see no cause for grief in all this. You deceived her and John has undeceived her. You ought rather to rejoice.

Sophia. But that is not all. Patty says that she had saved up several dollars to send to her poor mother, which she had intended to put in

charge of the stage-driver to-morrow. But upon hearing, or, rather, supposing from my manner, that her mother had recovered, she laid out the money this very afternoon for a new gown. This grieves her to the heart, as she is certain that her mother will need that money, if she is unwell. Could I but have foreseen this, I should have acted differently.

Mrs. W. It is right that you should be grieved for the result of your deception, on Patty's account; but there is no need that you should blame yourself any more than if the money had been sent, and the poor girl had never discovered the truth. Your error lay in departing from the truth in the first instance. For the consequences you cannot blame yourself, as you could not foresee them. You erred with benevolent intentions, but that does not excuse your fault; we should never do evil that good may come. But you may tell Patty that I shall grant her leave of absence to-morrow, when she may go and carry her money herself. I have already spoken to Mary Johnson to supply her place for a fortnight.

Sophia. Then I am rejoiced indeed; and I will add the gold piece presented to me yesterday to the stock of money with which you supply her. It will make some atonement to her for the deception which I practised this morning.

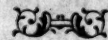
Mrs. W. No, my dear; do not regard it in that light. You can never atone to her for the injury which you have done her. A moral wrong cannot be balanced by gold or silver. If you can gain her free forgiveness, it is well. You can present her the money whether she accords it or not. But your fault and your benefaction have no connection with each other.

Sophia. I see that you are right; and I suppose that you are severe upon my error, only because you prefer speaking the whole truth; but if the Creator looks with as uncompromising an eye upon these small offences as you do, how can you believe that he will grant a free pardon to the worst and vilest sinners in a future world?

Mrs. W. I do certainly believe that the Creator regards sin with no manner of allowance; and I have not become a convert to the doctrine of impartial grace, in order that I may disparage the attributes of the gracious Being whom I worship. We are created moral as well as intellectual beings. Hence we must not decide for ourselves what course of conduct will produce the most good, independent of the moral sense. The moral sense teaches us that we should use none

but righteous means for the achievement of human happiness. The Creator will never employ means inconsistent with his benevolent nature for the advancement of his kingdom. If some theologians teach that the Almighty will vindicate Universal Love by the infliction of endless torments, they only judge him capable of the same inconsistent conduct of which you have been guilty. So, if you would be a Universalist indeed, never do evil that good may come of it.

E. W. S.



KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH.

Original.

It may seem like a very simple thing for a man to know his duty. There is a sense of right and wrong in every breast. Righteous deeds secure peace of mind, while evil actions bring pain and blight upon the soul. Worse than mildew to the ripening corn—worse than canker to the opening blossom—and more destructive than swarming locusts to the vineyards of the East, is sin to the soul of man. It would seem, then, that by these signs we should be able to distinguish between good and evil, right and wrong. Yet it is too true that mankind need to be instructed with regard to duty. A person who watches the operation of meats and drinks upon his system may soon decide what is hurtful and what is salutary; how, then, does it come to pass that he may not equally well inform himself with regard to moral truth? I answer, it is because there are a few fixed laws which regulate the material world; but the mind of man is of a more subtle nature, and, like its Creator, 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' Its capacities are without limit—it shoots out to the right hand and to the left. It ascends to the skies and descends into the depths of the earth. Who shall thread its mazes or make out a chart of its proportions. It spurneth the bridle, and laughs at boundaries. Yet we may trace an analogy in this respect between the mind and the body. Although we do, at first, form a correct notion respecting what is good and what is hurtful to the body, yet long use may reconcile the animal frame to a deleterious article of food which the body in its natural state would reject. A person may acquire a taste for rum and tobacco, and he may feel no repugnance to the frequent use of them; they are, nevertheless, poisons; and the habitual

drunkard or tobacco consumer is in a worse condition than he was when the poisonous luxuries created nausea and other uncomfortable feelings. But persons who thus indulge themselves suffer loss of health, and are sooner or later requited for their unnatural habit.

The mind resembles the body in so far that the most destructive habits may, after a time, cease to cause alarm, remorse, and regret. The man who commenced with torturing a fly may, like Nero, end with murdering his fellow-creatures. But at every step that he takes in the downward road, he will hear the warning voice; at every fresh plunge that he makes into the abyss of vice an arrow will pierce his heart; and when he has attained to the lowest point of degradation—when he is no longer deterred by remorse from doing evil, a state of darkness, of general suffering, of apprehension and boding ill, will continue to be his portion until he retraces the false path which he has taken. Such has been the case with all men whom the world has termed monsters of wickedness. They have lost their innocence, and appear to be without compunction; but they are not happy in their sinful state, any more than the habitual drunkard, or chewer of opium, is healthful after he has conquered his natural disgust for noxious indulgences.

The question immediately arises—Why did these monsters of wickedness fall so low? If sin is punished by remorse, and, at length, by a state of general misery, why did men—for all men seek after happiness—become so sinful? We may also be asked if the pleasures of sin are not greater than its punishment, since men prefer to endure the punishment so that they can enjoy its pleasures.

All this is easily answered; and, unhappily, we have cases enough in the material world to illustrate our answer. Let us return to our analogy and the reply is already given. See yon poor drunkard staggering home to his cold hearth and miserable pallet. Not a crust of bread remains in his cupboard, not a chair in his filthy room on which he can rest before retiring for the night. See the blotches upon his countenance, the rags upon his person; see the wretchedness depicted on all his features. Does that man enjoy more pleasure in pursuing his degraded course, than he did when he led a sober life? Do spiritous liquors make him happy or miserable? Ask him in his moments of sobriety. Did he find the pleasure greater than the pain

when he first took the downward road—when sickness and loss of appetite weighed upon his spirits—when he saw his earthly means sliding from his grasp, and when his friends passed by on the other side and scorned to acknowledge him as one of their associates? No. Yet he persisted—still he hugged to his bosom the wine-cup, and quaffed the destroyer of his happiness! Here, then, is a man who felt that the pain occasioned by rum was greater than the pleasure, and still he persisted in using it. The effect that strong drink has upon the body, sin has upon the mind; yet men will sin, knowing the punishment to be greater than the pleasure. The drunkard had acquired a powerful appetite for spirits; and the bad man had acquired a powerful appetite for sin. Had the drunkard been early cautioned against the unnatural use of spirits—had all its consequences been forcibly represented to him, he might have been preserved from the deadly habit—nay, many have been persuaded to combat their acquired taste, and have succeeded in overcoming the practise of intemperance. But by a long use of destructive poisons a man's faculties may become so benumbed, his reason so depraved, that he cannot understand why he should give over his bad habits; he may imagine that he could enjoy nothing but rum, and that continually. Such a man needs instruction and persuasion, before he will reform and become a useful member of society. We may pursue the comparison. A man may be so sunk in sin as to imagine that there is no happiness in a course of virtue. His intellect, his understanding, will be darkened, and he will comprehend no enjoyment but the miserable pleasure that he derives from the exercise of baneful inclinations. I wish to draw the reader's attention very particularly to this point. I call upon those who are appointed to preach the gospel, who profess to be ministers of him who came to save that which was lost, to ponder well on this part of the subject. They should be found more frequently in the hut of the outcast—the dens of crime—the sinks of pollution. This effect of sin should be solemnly considered by them. It darkens the understanding. Now, men who have become slaves to drunkenness until they imagined there was no pleasure but in the dram-cup, have been snatched as brands from the burning—their feet have been plucked out of the miry pit, and placed upon a rock. Now sin is an evil—a real, tangible evil; and men who have long practised it become stu-

pified to all that is good—dead in sins and trespasses. These men need to be instructed in the knowledge of the truth ; they need to be persuaded to seek the Lord because he is good. How can he who loves Christ and his brethren suffer one of them to remain in this lost condition ! how can he look calmly upon his misery, and not point him to the pleasant paths of virtue ! I want to see Universalist ministers more frequently seated at the table with publicans and sinners. I want to see them owning their divine Master in the midst of his enemies—rearing the standard of the cross on the very towers of Sodom and Gomorrah. I recollect that, several years ago, I heard Mr. Mitchell, of New York, preach at his church in Duane street. ‘I do not wish to reflect on the Methodists,’ said that eloquent man ; ‘I honor their zeal. I wish that we had half their zeal and their activity : for if they can labor so faithfully in the service of a partial God, what ought not we to do for the blessed Father of every mercy ? If they can sing praises to a Savior who came only to save a portion of mankind, with what thrilling enthusiasm should we shout forth the glories of a universal Redeemer !’

I want to see a little more Methodist zeal among Universalists. There is a bliss in virtue, in approximating to the character of Jesus ‘beyond all that the minstrel has told ;’ and let us not permit our brethren to languish in the dark dungeons of sin, while we can arouse them to a sense of their unfortunate condition. Else how can we consistently pray, ‘Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven !’ I want that my fellow-creatures should have a foretaste of that salvation that we preach so much about, while they dwell beneath the stars. I want to see the kingdom of heaven commencing on the earth—and it is then that we become the angels of God, when we persuade wicked men to turn from their wickedness, when we give them a knowledge of the truth. It is not enough to tell men they shall all be saved at last ; for they will not be saved in sin. Let us persuade them to turn from their wickedness now, and they will perceive that the salvation about which we tell them is indeed a treasure ; and that one hour in the courts of heaven is worth more than a thousand elsewhere.

Again, let us observe that men need instruction with regard to the truth, because they have been led astray by education and tradition. False opinions are a prolific source of wrong conduct.

Also, many vices become habitual to different communities ; and, although there is a moral sense in the breast of every man, yet as in the case of the drunkard and the operation of poisonous substances on the body, custom and example may render those vices tolerable. But if a man sin ignorantly, it is, nevertheless, sin ; and if the moral sense was sufficient to instruct men in all points of duty, then Jesus need not to have come upon the earth, and all preaching is vain. The moral vision must be cleared from the mists which blind or obscure it. The pure-hearted must rend the veil of deception which would hide the enormity of everything which is adverse to the holy nature of God, in order that the truth may be clearly discerned.

Although he that sinneth ignorantly shall be beaten with few stripes, yet sin will ever be the author of unhappiness. If we believe in holiness, and that sin is displeasing and contrary to the nature of a perfect being, we shall labor to sweep it from the face of the earth—not by setting ourselves up for judges, and visiting trespassers with punishment, but by teaching them to distinguish clearly between true happiness and misery by a knowledge of the truth.



THE DOUBTER.

Original.

THEY say this earth is bleak and drear,
That disappointments hover near,
And friends that now are very dear,
Will traitors prove ;

That 'tis a world of sin and wo,
Where joys and pleasures only flow,
That we, alas, too late may know,
They're false as fair.

And thus our feelings they would chill,
And our warm hearts with sorrow fill,
Until its beatings death shall still,
And lay us low.

But ah ! we doubt, we wont believe,
That such sweet joys will make us grieve,
As those that friendship twines beneath,
The genial sun.

Oh, no ! our hearts are light as spring,
And gladness round us roses flings,
And though we've sought we've found no sting,
Amid their leaves.

Our friends are kind, and good, and true,
They love—and oh ! we love then too,
While joys that fall like evening dew,
Are truly ours.

Ah yes ! our sky is bright and fair,
Not one dark cloud doth linger there,

Or e'en a speck comes up to mar,
Our prospects bright.

Then think not, moralist, to make
Our hearts from very *fear* to ache,
Or of thy borrowed cares partake,
And gloomy doubts.

Tis wholly vain. In God we trust ;
And He is kind, and good, and just,
And nought will make us e'er distrust
A Father's love.

Boston, Mass.



THE THEOLOGICAL MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.

THE theological man of expedients is one, who instead of following his own conscience and reason in religious matters, follows the popular fashion, consults appearance, and tries to *seem* orthodox—whatever orthodoxy may happen to be in his place and time.

'Whatsoever king may reign,
He'll be the vicar of Bray, Sir.'

Caiaphas was a man of expedients, when he said, 'it is *expedient* that one man die for the people, and so the whole nation perish not.' Pilate was a man of expedients, when he believed Jesus to be a just person, and then put him to death. Erasmus was a man of expedients when he thought it safest to keep in with the Pope, and write against the Reformers, though his heart and head were with them. St. Paul was *not* a man of expedients, for he did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God ; nor was Luther a man of expedients when he exposed himself singly to the whole power of Rome, and being asked 'Where then wilt thou remain in safety ?' answered, 'Under Heaven.'

But in these days, and perhaps in all days, the Pilates and the Caiaphases are more frequent than the Pauls and Luthers.

The man of expedients will subscribe any creed that you offer him, and then write, talk and preach against every article of it. He believes it, he says, 'for substance of doctrine.' He thinks he can do more good in the church than out of it. When he hears of a man's leaving a church because he does not believe its articles, he laughs at his simplicity. Better stay in it, and preach against them. If he is a Unitarian, he joins the Episcopal church, and reads prayers to the 'Holy, blessed, and adorable Trinity'—on which he puts his own private interpretation. If he believes that man has full power by nature to obey

God, he joins the Presbyterian church, and then employs himself in shuffling the words 'natural,' and 'moral,' backwards and forwards, till he has mystified his hearers and readers. If he believes that Adam had nothing to do with anybody's guilt or innocence, and that imputation is nonsense and folly—he teaches his child to say that

'In Adam's fall,
We sinned all'—

and goes and signs the Westminster Confession. If you ask him how he can reconcile all this to his conscience, he assures you that whatever the authors of the catechism have *said*, they must have *meant* exactly what he does—and that though they do not perhaps know it themselves, yet that nine-tenths of the good orthodox Calvinists believe just the same as himself. The man of expedients 'is a blessed fellow to think as every one thinks—not a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than his'—that is, when he is defending himself against a charge of heresy.

The man of expedients has no idea of anything being true yesterday, to-day and forever. If he had his handful of truths, he would only open his little finger. His doctrines change with the atmosphere he happens to be in. If he is in Connecticut, he is a Calvinist of the strictest sect—if in Massachusetts, he thinks it proper to exercise the reason ; and in the western country he expands into a champion of all that is liberal. If you ask him whether a proposition is true or false, you must give him time, place and circumstances, or he cannot answer you. What was false yesterday is true to-day ; what is sheer nonsense at Andover, is sound doctrine at Princeton.

The man of expedients is one thing in the pulpit, and quite another thing in the parlor. 'He is a lamb in a drawing-room, but a lion in a vestry.' The text in the Bible which he studies most faithfully is, 'Be all things to all men.' He earnestly strives to be wise as a serpent. If he is preaching before a congregation of whose character he is ignorant, he takes care to put in a little of every kind of phraseology, that by all means he may save some. The more he explains his faith, the less can you tell what he believes.

When the man of expedients is a layman, he is always to be found in the fashionable church, and on the popular side. He does not pray in the corners of the street, for that is not the custom, but when the church is full, his devout appear-

ance and the solemnity of his face, are truly edifying. If an Episcopalian, how pathetic his responses ! If a Methodist, how fervent his groans and his cries of glory ! Perhaps he agrees in opinion with some small body. He is most careful, then, never to go near them. He grants their opinions are like his own, but then another church is nearer, or the preaching suits him better, or the music is finer, or the forms preferable, or some one he dislikes goes to the other church,

'Or any other reason why.'

Alas ! how common are men of expedients ; how uncommon are men of principle and independence !



THE COMPASSION OF THE SAVIOR.

Original.

AMONG the many adorable characteristics of our Savior's life that of compassion stands pre-eminent ; how sweetly it blends with the mercy that pervaded all his actions ; how often were the clouds of sorrow dispersed, the widow's and the orphan's tears wiped away, the broken-hearted made glad, the weary-laden spirit released of its captivity by the exercise of this heaven-born attribute. Numerous are the instances of this trait recorded in Holy Writ. Follow, with imagination's eye, the Savior to the grave of Lazarus ; there are two affectionate sisters who lament the loss of an only and well-beloved brother ; they are without hope, for their faith awhile slumbers. Jesus beholds them ; he knows that soon, very soon, those sorrowing hearts will be gladdened ; but that mutual sympathy which flows through the heart, mingling with all its kindred emotions, predominates, and he weeps ! 'Lovely falls compassion's tear,' and precious must those tears have fallen on that thrilling occasion ! well might the adamant hearts of the unbelieving Jews melt at the sight, and they become his devoted followers. Behold the splendid city of Jerusalem ! her courts are decked in grandeur, her temples arrayed in brilliancy, her young men and her maidens are buoyant with gladness, her aged sires and sober matrons stand within their gates listening to the sounds of merriment which float on the air, and their happy hearts rise in thankfulness upon the wings of devotion, imploring Heaven's blessings to descend and abide upon the fair heads of those youthful forms. See ! the Savior approaches. The peo-

ple shout, 'Hosanna ; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' But why does he weep ? He knows the desolation which is to fall upon that devoted city ; those gorgeous temples and towering palaces must soon lie level with the dust—those sunny brows and laughing eyes must soon be sealed in death ; he remembers his entreaties with them, assuring them of his support and protection as children, but they heeded him not, and he weeps for their impenitence and consequent destruction.

But a more glorious event claims attention, in which our Lord's compassion shines forth with superior splendor. A world lay deeply buried in sinfulness ; idolatry and superstition asserted their dominion. Man was without hope or a benign ray of consolation to aid him in his dreary pilgrimage, and black despair had taken firm possession of his soul. But just as the storm was ready to burst upon them a Savior appears to dispel the clouds which hang over them, and plants the bow of peace in the heavens. He suffers for them through the whole of his blameless life, endures poverty and reproach for their sakes, and at last dies upon the cross amid the railings and curses of his foes as a propitiation for their sins.

'O, this is boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.'

We are called upon to copy this blessed Friend's example. Shall we not imitate him in this most glorious trait—compassion ? Our Almighty Father hath placed us in a beauteous world ; he hath given us minds and capacities which elevate us to a sphere but a little lower than the angels, and abundant means to exercise those powers. Shall we not employ them, thereby obeying our gracious Father's commands ? O yes, methinks your hearts respond, our God is a Parent of love, and we delight in obeying his laws. Let us, then, live as our blessed Master hath lived, and

'tread the path he trod,
To soothe the mourner, and direct the feeble unto God.'

So will our hearts be gladdened with the consciousness of right doing, our days flow peaceful on, the sons and daughters of affliction will again smile in gladness, the wilderness and the desert place blossom as the rose, and the adorable Father of us all will cause his face to shine upon us, blessing and protecting us till our immortal spirits, disencumbered of these frail tenements, shall be brought to his kingdom of fadeless bliss,

there to enjoy his presence and his love throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. A FEMALE.

South Boston, Nov. 2, 1838.



MARTYRS.

Original.

I HAVE no desire to detract from the merits of that glorious army of martyrs, which has, first and last, left the blood marks of truth in her progress among men.

The early christian church was bitterly persecuted. When it obtained temporal power and splendor it was persecuted no longer, for it had conformed itself to the spirit of this world. At length, reformers rose among them, and then the seed of this world began again to persecute the seed of Christ. But the reformed church gained power also, and became, in a certain degree, corrupted. Then arose other sects who professed to reform still further. The Scotch Presbyterians were doomed to suffer most terrible penalties for the answer of a good conscience. But even they had not yet learned to suffer freedom of conscience in others. They were as bitter toward the prelacy as the Church of England was toward them. Some few true hearts then began to show themselves; such as Roger Williams, George Fox, and William Penn. The Quakers as a body, took a decided stand in favor of liberty of conscience. The heroism of the early Friends strikes us with surprise. But whether they would have persecuted others or not, had they become a popular sect, remains uncertain to this day. Suffice it that at the boarding schools under their charge, the most rigid observance of their peculiar forms and ceremonies is exacted not only of the sons and daughters of Quakers, but also of those who do not belong to the society. This is manifestly wrong, and looks quite as much like liberty of conscience, as the laws of the Inquisition. Either they should suffer persons of other persuasions to dress and speak after their own manner, and attend churches of their own denomination, or they should receive none but Quaker children into their schools. But we must recollect that the Friends of our day are not the men who patiently endured the spoiling of their goods, and whippings, imprisonment and death for conscience sake, two hundred years ago—any more than the persons who established the Inquisition were the primitive church of Christ.

Thus we have had martyrs from the beginning. We now live in an age of the world when martyrdom for 'heresy' is almost unknown. It is true that in one or two states men have been imprisoned for atheism and blasphemy; but their punishment has been slight when compared to that of other ages, and their departure from orthodox sentiments has been much wider than were those of the Lutherans, Presbyterians or Quakers. Now it was not to be expected that in emerging from the quagmires of popery, men should at once shake off all their prejudices and traditions. For sometime hell fire was made the efficient mover of religion. At one time it was thought that the dark abodes of future damnation were the receptacles of nine tenths of the human family. The number became gradually reduced until the sect of Universalists sprang up. I believe that none of them have yet sealed their testimony with their blood. It was not amid the hot and furious contentions of rival sects that they took their rise—for sectarians were at that time too busy in sentencing their opponents to everlasting perdition to be able to dispense immediately with that very convenient ally, which sounded so well in an edict of the church, and answered so good a purpose for rounding off a period in an ecclesiastical fulmination. The doctrine of God's impartial grace came up serene and unclouded when the storm had, in a measure, subsided, and men had begun to listen to the calm voice of reason. Its progress has been steadily onward.

There have been no Universalist martyrs—yet it is pretty certain that Universalists might have become martyrs, if they had chosen to be so. Any man who is determined to be a martyr may accomplish his object, even in this age of the world. If a believer in any peculiar system of faith will but thrust himself under the wheels of opposing factions, he may be crushed to death at his leisure. I make no doubt that many persons have been persecuted to death, whose lives would have been spared had they not been bent upon rendering themselves as offensive as possible to those by whom they were surrounded. Such was not the policy of the Savior. He prayed, 'Suffer this cup to pass from me, if it be thy will; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.' When the Jews went about to kill him, he passed through their midst and escaped out of their hands. He reasoned with the Jews on the propriety of putting him to death; 'Many good

works have I done among you, and for which of these works do you stone me?' He was not desirous that the Jews might have his blood upon their hands; he had no wish to plunge them into crime, in order that he might have the glory of dying a martyr. So far from that, he says, 'Oh Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered you under my wing as a hen gathereth her brood together, but ye would not. Oh! thou hadst known, in this thy day, the things which make for thy peace—but now they are forever hidden from thine eyes!' How different is this language from that of the ranting zealot who first provokes men to persecute him, and then exults in the judgments and awful ruin which he believes to await them for so doing.

Who is the man that really desires to be a martyr? Is he not a selfish, merciless being, who really hopes that his fellow creatures will bring the guilt of murder upon their souls!

It was not until Jesus saw that he could no longer escape, without deserting the cause which he came to espouse, and dishonoring his heavenly Father, that he resigned himself into the hands of his bitter enemies. But how different was the spirit with which he went to execution from that which has dwelt in many a zealous candidate for martyrdom. He did not go to the bloody mountain exulting in his own high destiny—reckless of the guilt and wretchedness of his persecutors, as if Heaven had no regard for any human creature but himself. No; even in that moment of pain and grief, his thoughts were bent more upon others than upon himself. Not only did he comfort the poor thief who appealed to his compassion; but he sorrowed for his murderers, and interceded for their pardon.

Shall we never again see such martyrs! Indeed, none such have existed since the days of Jesus. It is evident from the whole history of the Savior that he would fain have escaped martyrdom—that he would, if possible, have had that cup to pass from him. They who solace themselves with the fame and glory which they shall acquire, with the praise which will be heaped on their names by future and more enlightened generations, if they die the death of a martyr, have their reward. Can it be said of them that they love sinners? Have they an earnest desire for the salvation of their fellow-men, when they desire to win a crown at the expense of the everlasting misery of thousands—for many of these

men have believed that such would be the recompense awarded to their murderers.

No true christian will desire to become a martyr. He will be resolved to declare the whole truth of God, wherever duty leads him; but it will be his object to convince, persuade, and save mankind, not to exasperate them to madness, in order that he may enjoy the honor of dying a martyr.



FANCY AND REALITY.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

Original.

*'Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy land; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the mind
O'er her wide universe, is skilful to diffuse.'*

CHILDE HAROLD.

THINGS fairer than the poet's dream
Amid his sunny bowers,
And brighter than the joyous gleam
Of fancy's wild and uncurbed stream,
Meet in this world of ours.

And not alone in fancy's power
A joyous influence lives,
For many a beauteous gem and flower,
To sooth a lone and weary hour,
The world around us gives.

There is the sweet and kindly beam
From a mild, loving eye;
And not e'en fancy's brightest dream,
Can match that pure and joyous gleam,
Like star, in summer sky.

There is a sweet, confiding tone
Which falls upon the ear;
And to that voice the heart though lone,
Leaps from its deep and trusting home,
To greet that tone so dear.

And there are hearts whose every thought
Is linked and bound to ours;
By these, the gems by fairies wrought,
And flowers from fairy gardens brought,
Grow dim within our bowers.

And there are hearts to whom we cling
In scenes of joy and care,
And o'er whose love we need not fling
A coloring rich from fancy's wing,
To make the picture fair.

For truth is in that speaking eye,
And in that kindly tone,
And o'er that heart that's ever nigh,
Whose love it may not change or die,
The veil of truth is thrown.

Yes there are things in *real* life,
Of fair and beauteous hue;
And there are scenes with beauty rife,
And hours, o'er which no cloud of strife
Its darkening influence threw.

Yes, all have known of hours whose light
Cast joy on all around ;
The glorious sun seemed ne'er so bright,
Joy shone in every passing sight,
And breathed in every sound.

The strong realities of earth
Which glad us on our way,
Are like the ocean's gems of worth,—
But as a wild stream gushing forth,
So sparkles fancy's ray.

Charlestown, Mass.



THE POETRY OF WOMAN. NO. IV.

BY C. L. E. NEW-HAVEN.

Original.

OUR MINISTER'S WIFE.

*'Is not the life of woman all bound up
In her affections? What hath SHE to do
In this bleak world alone? It may be well
For MAN on his triumphal course to move
Uncumbered by soft bonds; but WE were born
For love.'*

MRS. HEMANS.

Do you know where the little village of Elsinore lies? Take the old map of the New England states from the top of the desk, where it has lain since it became too smoked and tattered to ornament the walls, and run your eye along over the Green Mountains from the shores of the Sound to the boundary of the oppressed province. Do you find it? No? What! not find beautiful little Elsinore, the sweetest village in my recollection, not to say in the whole Yankee land? Throw aside the map then, and I will give you a more graphic sketch than a little triangular space marked out by ink lines. I have not seen Elsinore since my youth; my impressions, therefore, are those of a young girl, whose eyes were too full of the sunshine of life to perceive shadows, even in the material world.

'Our village' is always the loveliest spot on earth. This is right; the heart is made to love its own, and I loved Elsinore as well, in the days of my childhood, as I now love N. H.... Come with me in imagination, (for alas! that is the only vehicle that can now convey me to my dear natal valley) come with me in imagination to the summit of Mount Pisgah—not where Moses stood to view the land of promise ere he departed to the better Canaan—but to *our* Mount Pisgah, overlooking *our* Elsinore. Hush! the low chime of the distant cascades comes in fitful murmurs up the wild, pointed rocks, awakening memories that may as well sleep—memories of the loved and the absent, nor absent *only*—the forgetful, the estranged! Look at the cascades, my friend,

far down in that narrow, but verdant glen—you are not near-sighted, I hope? Just where those wild birches link their long branches in shadowy arcades, two waterfalls unite in one deep pool, and with blended destinies gush over a narrow precipice and dance along over the mossy stones, 'kissing all flowers that are pretty and sweet;' and then, very recluse-like, entering a heavy oak-land, they lose themselves in solitude. Our village lies on the hill side that rises from this stream; pretty, is it not, with its thirty white dwellings, skirting the base of the rising woodland? Our meeting-houses are pretty too, guarding either extreme of the village; but I think not equally so. The 'other church' is built of brick, has a very tall spire, and is entered beneath a broad arch, which is ornamented by a white marble keystone, bearing this inscription: 'To the great Tri-une.' Its beauty is rather stern, and there is an air of melancholy about it, standing, as it does, on a naked eminence, exposed to the four winds of heaven. *We* used to call it Sinai, but its denunciations were far more terrible than those from Sinai of old.

'Our church' stands on Mount Zion,—(so we distinguished it) and is almost hidden by trees. You can catch a glimpse, however, of its four fluted pillars, and square tower, snowy white, forming a pleasing contrast to the pale cream-color of the temple. You think it is beautiful? so do I; and association makes it more than beautiful—holy and full of delight. There I first heard the proclamation of the new and better covenant; there—but what is the subject of my sketch? The neat dwelling house near our church belongs to our minister. I have often stopped at the door, on my way to the village school, and received a bouquet of flowers, or a basket of fruit from the generous hands of our minister's wife. It has a handsome portico, covered with woodbine. *She* trained it, as far as her short arms could reach, and then I suppose our minister was so kind as to assist her. I have acknowledged that 'our village' is ever the loveliest place on earth; I am equally ready to allow that 'our minister' is always indubitably the kindest, the most agreeable, and the *smartest* clergyman in christendom; I have to make yet another confession, and confess that '*our minister's wife*' stands unrivalled, the chief of spiritual shepherdesses, in all the sterling grace of humanity. For the sake, therefore, of giving you an impartial sketch of my patroness, I will relate a few inci-

dents in her life, to sustain my previous exposition of her character.

There are certain qualifications universally allowed to be indispensable to the lady of the parsonage. Our minister learned them *by heart*, and then went forth to choose him a wife. I am very sorry he was obliged to search so long. Our parish had quite resigned themselves to a bachelor pastor, thinking he never would marry, he was so *particular*. We had half a dozen young, marriageable ladies in our society, and some of the mammas declared it the minister's *duty* to bestow his hand on one of the fair members of his own household of faith. But our minister could recall no scripture exhortation to that effect, and though he loved several of them as sisters, they were all of them either too gay, too unintellectual, or too proud to agree with his ideal; therefore wisely decided that, if

‘The power which framed the human mind,
One mould for every two designed,’

he should, in the providence of God, at a fitting time, be made acquainted with his counterpart.

One remarkably fine morning in early spring, our congregation made their way in household groups toward the church. Young and old, male and female, had all yielded to the inviting influence of the balmy atmosphere, and were toiling in unusual throngs up the ascent of our little Zion. Upon reaching the height, they were met by agitated groups already upon the ground, bearing intelligence of exciting interest. Some lifted their hands, others exclaimed aloud, and all pressed hastily toward that mysterious little box, which excites as much curiosity among Yankees, though perhaps not so fatal, as that of Pandora. It was the register of the banns of Hymen—a counterpart of which may be seen on any central church in Massachusetts since our good neighbors have become too fastidious to have their matrimonial contracts *cried* in public, like the proclamation of a cattle auction.

The appearance of the minister near the base of the hill dispersed the crowd, and with habitual respect they entered the church, and became quietly arranged for service. I do not now remember how I chanced to be alone, but I was loitering at the foot of the path, gathering the yellow blossoms of the dandelion, and wondering who was of matrimonial intent, when he accosted me, quoting his own county poet:

‘Thus *should* the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.’

I looked up and laughed, knowing myself somewhat a favorite. ‘Will you have one, sir?’

‘Yes, if you please,’ he replied, placing it in his vest.

‘O no, no!’ cried I; ‘that is too gay for a minister. Pray, sir, who is going to be married?’

‘Why?’ he answered, evasively, blushing till his delicate blonde complexion was a gaudy scarlet.

‘Because, I saw many people crowding to look in the box.’

‘We will see presently,’ he replied, taking my hand, and assisting me up the pathway. I felt his hand tremble, and asked him if he had the ague.

‘Yes, I believe so, or something worse,’ he answered, laughing.

We came to the mystic box. It hung within the piazza, about six feet up the wall. I was only three feet high in those days, so our minister lifted me in his arms. Our clerk was an elegant penman, and I was not long in decyphering the sybilline lines—

‘This certifies that the Rev. Herman Cleaveland and Miss Annie Munroe intend marriage.

SAMUEL SAWYER, Town Clerk.

Elsinore, April 10th, 18—.’

‘Oh! I am *very* glad!’ I exclaimed, immediately.

‘So am I,’ he replied, bestowing upon me one of his most affectionate smiles. ‘And now let us forget it, for a while,’ he added, opening the door and leading me to my father’s pew—a favor of which I was too proud ever to forget.

When he walked up the aisle that day, many eyes were fixed upon his countenance, but it did not falter. It wore, however, that unbending rigidity, which, if it conceals embarrassment, betrays the effort. He had undoubtedly anticipated the effect which the important annunciation of his approaching nuptials would produce in his congregation, and had wrought his nerves up to the test of their scrutiny. When he rose to pronounce his text, his face was slightly flushed, but he stood silent till every shadow of emotion had passed away; then opening the Bible, he commenced the fifteenth chapter of Mark’s gospel, and read as far as the fifth verse, when pausing a moment, he pronounced with an emphatic voice the words of his text: ‘But Jesus yet answered nothing.’ ‘Friends, brethren! my text is *the silence of Jesus.*’ The effect was *electro-magnetic*; he

held every mind completely in his own grasp, and Herman Cleaveland, Annie Munroe, and their matrimonial intentions, were alike forgotten by us all.

For the subsequent fortnight there was but one theme throughout Elsinore. Who, what, where was Annie Munroe? This question was best answered by the arrival—not of Miss Munroe, but of Mrs. Cleaveland, at that very pretty house near the church. I accompanied mamma very soon thither, to be presented to our minister's wife. 'Children are seldom at fault in their first loves,' says that truly American, and truly accomplished, and truly *religious* authoress, Miss Sedgwick. I was not at fault in my love of Annie Cleaveland. My first glance showed me that she was young, small, and rather pretty; my second, that her countenance expressed a combination of intelligence, good temper, and mirthfulness, and my third, that she was very quiet, unostentatious, and desirous to render her visitors interested and happy.

She was so very affable and affectionate, so very sprightly and playful, that I was at once relieved of all *gêne* in her presence—a rare relief to me in those days, when I was afraid to hold my head parallel with my neck in the vicinity of a stranger. She put her arms about me at parting, kissed my cheek, called me one of her little lambs, and entreated me to come very, very often to see her.

The first sabbath she attended our meeting was very chilly. There had been a fall of snow the night previous, and our stove was heated as much as was usual in midwinter. Before service commenced, an aged woman, bowed with eld and decrepitude, like Irving's 'Widow,' entered the door, and looking about her for a moment, crept up to a remote corner of the church, and seated herself alone. She was thinly and meanly clad, her face bore traces of crime and misery, and shame sat upon a brow where time should have enthroned honor and wisdom.

Annie regarded her compassionately for a few moments, then whispering to the sexton, who sat near her, requested him to invite the old lady to her pew, which was warmer and more commodious. He smiled, at first, rather incredulously; but perceiving her to be serious, rose to execute her wishes. The woman looked at him a moment in amazement, burst into tears, and resolutely declined to comply with his invitation. Mrs. Cleaveland kept her eye upon her through

the service, a sympathetic tear glistening there at every manifestation in the poor creature, of the workings of the Divine Spirit. When the congregation was dismissed she hastened to speak with her.

'I fear you have been uncomfortable, madam,' she said, in a kind voice. 'Your seat is a cold one.'

'O, God bless ye, it's too good for a poor old wretch like me. I don't deserve nothing.'

'Pardon me, I think it is *not* good enough. It is cold, remote, and every way unfit for one of your age and infirmities. Do you attend here constantly?'

'O, no! I am an old sinner, and don't go where there's religion very often; but I heard as how there's a minister's bride come out to-day—be you she? Ay, well, you're a nice, blessed good gal, I know, and fit to be his wife who talked so angel-like to us this morning. O, it come out like harb-drink, every word of it—better than all the doctor's stuff in the world!'

Mrs. Cleaveland felt the compliment, and smiled at the comparison. 'It is a medicine we all need, and it is the best possible symptom, to be conscious how very much it is calculated to relieve our wants,' she replied. 'If you live far from church you had best come home with me to dinner. Will you not come? it is but a few steps.'

'If I wasn't half-starved I wouldn't trouble you—but as it is I'll go, though I don't deserve it.' I saw our minister's wife kindly assist her down the door-steps, where her husband met her, and together they led the old creature to their hospitable home. There she was warmed, and fed, and comforted; encouraged to repentance and sped homeward with a thankful heart.

This was but the beginning of Annie's mercies to the poor, and sinful, and sorrowing wanderers from the gospel fold. It was but one instance of her humility and christian love. Every week, and many times in a week, I was at the parsonage, delighted to be of service to her in conveying messages of comfort to the needy—blessings of the basket and the store-books, and papers, and *work*—a pair of shoes to old widow Burton, provided by the Ladies' Benevolent Society, of which our minister's wife was founder and director—a bundle of straw to the little orphan girls, who lived with their brother, the shoemaker, that they might both learn industry and receive its reward, and a thousand similar mis-

sions of charity from our sweet shepherdess to the helpless ones of her flock.

'Is not the life of woman *all* bound up in her affections?' Oh Annie Cleaveland! what has thy life been, but one tissue of love-wrought piety? One more scene of thy existence I well remember. It was when thou wert called to surrender thy first-born. More than once had thy ministries of consolation been carried to the dwellings of affliction; more than once had thy tears mingled with those of the bereaved mother, when weeping on the cold brow of her only, and her blighted hope; and now, it was for thine own bosom that the power of the gospel was needed.

My mother sent me to inquire if Mrs. Cleaveland desired any assistance in preparing for the burial of her little daughter. The door of her apartment stood ajar, and I entered unobserved. Mr. Cleaveland sat by a window with his face buried in his hands. Annie stole up to his side, and placed her hand softly upon his shoulder. 'Dear Herman,' she said in a cheerful voice, 'I know you are mourning far more for my sake than for your own, though Marie was your idol, as much as she was mine. Sure am I, that I have felt no pang in her loss equal to seeing you thus distressed. It is hard, it is very hard to resign her from our loving arms to the cold, unfeeling earth—but how much happier for her than to live and know sorrow like ours. I know you are reconciled in your own heart—then do not weep for me. Look up, and see how I can smile.'

He did look up, though tears of anguish were bursting from his eyes, and smiled as she wiped them away. 'Oh Annie! while you are spared me, I ought never to say I know sorrow. In the darkest hour, you are a sunbeam to my home—God made you to gladden the earth, and wiser and better I am sure it must be, from your having lived in it. I have not been so selfish as to shed these tears for myself. I was thinking how cold your arms must be, with no little happy babe to nestle there; how—'

'Nay, nay, Herman; rather think how much happier our Marie will be in the arms of the Beloved, who put his hands on little children here, and blessed them; and when I go there, he will give her to me again.'

'You will bear her loss then, and live? Oh I feared, I feared you had set your heart too much upon her—that you could not remain on earth, when Marie was not here.'

'Herman, I have still much, O much indeed, to

love and live for. While you are here, I can have no wish to leave—and the dear people of our charge—Oh! I have everything to love! still everything to love!'

Annie's affection was not only extended to her own friends, but embraced every human being that crossed her pathway. It was an active love, too; ever seeking to manifest itself by works. She never murmured that visitors troubled her, and that young, penniless, friendless heralds of the cross, made her house their home for days and weeks. No person was ever more given to hospitality, nor ever more readily and cheerfully ministered to the 'necessities of the saints.'

Have I given you any idea of her character? Do you love Annie Cleaveland? If you do not, then I surely have made a very unskilful delineation of her excellences, for no one could know her in actual life, without love, admiration and respect. She is still the sunbeam of Elsinore, loving and beloved, blessing and blessed. Long may the beauty of her life shadow forth the glories and excellences of the christian religion, and every young daughter of Zion study and exemplify the spiritual graces of *our minister's wife*.



PARTING AND MEETING.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Original.

'THERE it will never be asked, "When shall we meet again?"'
W. C. HANSCOM.

HERE smiles must hide the breaking heart,
And cheerful words the mute despair;
Here friends must meet, and love, and part,
But not so there!

What tho' the loving heart is wrung
By chilling words of cold farewell?
And o'er its dying hopes is flung
Their echoing knell?

Shall we not meet in that bright land,
Where parting words are never spoken?
And love is not a brittle band
So lightly broken?

Shall we not *all* meet there to love,
With love that has no trembling fears?
In that dear home, far, far above
This land of tears?

We shall! we all shall meet in heaven,
The home where *he* has gone to live!
God that great 'gift' to him *has* given,
To us *will* give!

HE that knows not when to be silent, knows not when to speak.

THE EFFECTUAL BLIGHT.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Original.

THE theme of this sketch is hackneyed ; or, if you please, trite. Be it so. It is also a thrilling theme. When its facts are vividly portrayed to the soul, they call up its thronging sympathies and pour its sorrowful tears over the wreck of human greatness. It is a theme which speaks of wo ; of sickening, heart-breaking despair ; of the crushing of bright and strong hopes ; of prostrated affections ; and of sudden darkness coming over the full light of human happiness, as it were a planet hanging its veil of eclipse over the sun at noon-day. Trite it may be to the multitude ; but not so to the pilgrims who face the tempest.

I have mourned to see a splendid white lily broken from its stem by the storm, trailing its petals in the dust, its odors ceasing with its brightness. And it has appeared to me a sorrowful emblem of an intellectual lily broken from life, to moulder beneath the chemistry of death. When the angel of dissolution suddenly appears amid the throng of a fashionable and light-hearted city, and, with one blast of its breath, sweeps multitudes into the grave, and instantly, as it were, fills the laughing eye with tears of bitter sorrow and throws the pall of mourning over the joyous face, it makes the soul sad. But it is more sad to behold an individual, torn from virtuous greatness, driven from high ambition and prospects, withering beneath vice, voluntarily submitting to be chained, and flung, like a loathsome weed, at the very feet of the demons, GAMBLING and INTEMPERANCE. And yet this is the subject which the world denominates common—as though the ruin of man, that noblest temple in the intellectual world, is not as rife with themes for meditation as even an ancient city of marble palaces and mighty edifices sacked and prostrated by an enemy, and its fragments flung upon the desert, forever the wonder of the beholder.

As an illustration of the evils of gambling and intemperance, the following sketch is ventured. Neither places, dates or real names will be given, though facts will be presented ; facts which the writer has met in the walk of life.

Emily P—, at the period which brings her more immediately to our notice, was twenty years of age. Among her sex, she was one of

the most excellent. Her beauty was not the beauty of a degenerate taste, which counts a white skin and a carmine cheek the perfection of elegance. Her features were fair, the contour of her face graceful, her complexion good, and her form well modelled. But on that face and forehead beamed the noblest cast of beauty—the seal of God was there ; the purity of intellect, the deep-toned harmony of thought, pruned and matured by the best education which fond and wealthy parents could give to an only child. The lily of modesty was all about her, the religion of affection for parents dwelt in her soul, virtue was the form of her actions, and obedience to her Savior cast cheerfulness, propriety and truth over her whole character. In a word, she was all that is calculated to make a man eminently happy.

On the evening of the day that made the sum of her years twenty, she stood in the dwelling of her fathers surrounded by affectionate friends, while the man of God united her to Arthur M., the man of her choice and the flower of her hopes ; who, amidst the tears of parents and the prayers of all, promised to cherish the flower which he transplanted from the parental circle to his hall and his heart. After their settlement in life, prosperity walked with them while they enjoyed the comforts and elegancies of society. Their doting acquaintances thought that they never knew a happier couple, and dreamed that their destiny was fixed in joy. Alas ! they saw not the foul seed, which, though dormant in Arthur's character, yet was afterwards to grow up and overrun his better resolutions, choking all the virtues of his nature. They saw not the worm at the root, which was to leave him a blighted and scathed tree amid the throngs of life.

For eighteen months the sun of unclouded pleasure shone upon them. About this time, at one of my many and familiar calls, I was ushered by the servant into the parlor, where I saw Arthur and Emily kneeling beside a cradle, in which slept a babe on whom but seven months had come. How beautiful was that boy ! He had the manly features of his father, but they were softened into loveliness by the expression of his mother. He slept in innocence, the pride and hope of his parents. No dream of sin disturbed him, and his breath would not have moved a leaf upon his lip. Helpless atom on the waters of life, yet protected and cherished by that strong

love with which Heaven has filled to overflowing the heart of that young mother! Under very pleasant auspices was he cast on the shores of existence, without a token that his young days would meet storms and his way be rugged. As I looked on the sleeping boy and the joyous faces of his protectors, the thought stole over my mind, Can sorrow come into this hall? can we cast its shadow upon this scene?

Before Arthur was married, he frequently joined a party of evening companions, and was induced to play for small sums, and to partake of the brandy which made them hilarious, until the pabry began to enter his soul. Wooing, winning, and wearing, however, the noble girl who became his wife, made him forget his follies in the pleasures of his home. Nor was it until much more than a year after his marriage, that he yielded to the frequent solicitations of his former companions to once more join them. He did so—and before he was aware of it, the cancer of gambling and intemperance was upon him, to throw out new and increasing shoots of its power until there was no escape. His use of various means to prevent his breath from betraying his use of liquors to his wife, showed that conscience was awake, even though its voice was not heeded nor its dictates practised. At one of these parties, in the excitement of play and high stakes, Arthur was overcome by his deep potations, and, for the first time, was carried home *intoxicated*. O, the tumultuous sorrow of Emily as she awoke from the deep sleep of security which had thrown its confidence over all her hopes. If we could read the feelings of a mother, as, when watching her daughter, fair as light and fresh as the morning rose, she perceives the plague spot suddenly appear in her cheek, we can tell the wo of Emily as she first opened her eyes to the blot upon the character of her husband.

When sobriety had come, she besought him, with all the eloquence of affection, for the sake of their noble boy, for the sake of his and her venerated parents, for her sake whose only hope he was, for the sake of his fair fame, and in the name of all that is holy and pure, to come away from the haunts of sin, and from the false companions who lured him to destruction. His soul was touched. The beauty, affection, nobleness and purity of his wife, together with a deep sense of his own foul conduct, thronged his mind with good resolutions, and, with tears in his eyes, he vowed that he would no more tread in the ways

of the spoiler. But, alas! his resolutions were like mist in a storm. The shadows of sin had come over him, and the sun of his virtue could not penetrate the darkness. He was fettered beyond retrieve.

He soon yielded again to his growing habits and went headlong onward to ruin. Night after night were spent in 'the hells' of the metropolis, his money escaping from him like magic, while intemperance was crushing his manliness, cramping his business, ruining his health, and destroying his family. He was in the hands of a set of fellows who, with hearts of iron and foulness of purpose, were plucking him bare. After a series of losses he became desperate, and with the insane hope of retrieving his affairs, he made a tremendous effort, and with a very large sum entered the hall of gambling. But he was no match for the deliberate villains who gloated over their prey like horrible vampires. Before midnight his money was all gone; the ruined man rushed with fury from the scene of his disgrace, and invoking deep curses on himself and all others, returned home. Emily saw the storm on his brow. She had felt that he was alienated from her; for his increasingly rough treatment painfully convinced her that the soul of his love was gone. But this cooled not her affection—on the contrary, it glowed more fervently as its object became shipwrecked on the shores of sin. On the night in question, she parted the hair on his brow, and affectionately inquired what anxiety was on his mind. With an oath he bid her get away from him, or he would *beat* her. Like an angel, she tried to soothe him, until, in the desperation of his ruin and the irritation of his half-drunkenness, he struck her; yea, he did *struck* her, and fainting she fell to the floor. Howling like a maniac, he repeated the blow, and would have added murder to his crimes, had not a watchman, happily, passing at the time, heard the noise, rushed in and prevented farther abuse. Arthur fled. Emily was conveyed to her couch, and a physician was called who restored her to sensibility. Poor, stricken bird! blighted flower! how my heart bled for thee when the sun of thy happiness went down at noon-day. Weeks passed. Not a word was heard of her husband. Crushed in hopes and broken-hearted, she returned to a father's house, where she was dearly cherished. But she pined—consumption put its finger upon her, and in a few months kindly and gently laid her in the

grave, 'where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling.'

In about one year after Emily's death, the following notice appeared in a New Orleans paper :

'Died, in the almshouse, of DELIRIUM TREMENS, Arthur M——, who was once a good man and a gentleman ; but who now fills the dishonored grave of a drunken gambler.'

I once was gazing at a star—a very beautiful star ; calm and serene it shone, like a splendid drop of light, on the deep blue of the heavens. But while I was gazing, a cloud suddenly hid it. Emily was a star of life ; but a cloud of woe blighted her prospects, and she vanished from life ; and her smiling boy, her gay halls and warm friends saw her no more forever.

Young man, strong as thou deemest thyself in virtue, the fate of Arthur M—— may be thine. Young woman, smiles may be around thee, but the woes of Emily may come upon thee. BEWARE !

G. W. M.

Auburn, N. Y. 1838.



THE DUTIES OF PARENTS.

Original.

It is too frequently the case that these duties come upon men without any forethought, any preparation, any acquired ability to discharge them. To remind myself as well as other parents of the duties connected with this important relation, I have set down these few thoughts ; but may I not indulge the hope that *one*, at least, of my yet childless readers, may seriously consider the subject, and endeavor to work out, for herself or himself, an increased fitness for the successful discharge of the most momentous of our relative duties, may I not ?

Paley has asked the question, 'Where have we happiness and misery so much in our power, or liable to be so affected by our conduct, as in our own families ?' The answer is, without hesitation, and without dubiety, Nowhere. And if that duty is the most obligatory upon which the most depends, where should our most judicious, most benevolent exertions be exhibited, if not at our own tables and around our own firesides ; and for what end, if not for the well-being and the ever-increasing felicity of our own offspring ?

Provision for the physical comfort and well-being of children is usually well enough attended to without dictation from the inward monitor, or

admonition from the moral or religious teacher. Yet there are some who waste by idleness or by profusion what might be converted into instruments of their children's welfare. By reflection upon what we wish our parents had done for us, as to our comfort while with them, and as to acquiring an ability to provide for ourselves afterwards, we may come very near to an outline of our own duty. With this guide, this part of a parent's duty may be left to a parent's discretion.

A parent's duty is scarcely commenced when he has provided for his child's comfortable living and worldly prosperity. There are higher, more important wants than those of the body. Amidst the most fortunate concurrence of outward circumstances, a man may be very unhappy ; and this, just because the parents have neglected to regulate the dispositions, the desires, the habits of their child. For without judicious moral and religious discipline, a living and even riches may be secured, but really satisfying happiness cannot. A strictly conscientious parent, who is convinced of this truth, will, therefore, aim at providing his children with more certain sources of happiness than outward prosperity can promise. With this aim before him, what is such a parent to do ? By the aid of Heaven's teacher he is to discover in what virtue goodness consists, and from what sources happiness springs. By the results of this research he is to regulate his conduct, and form his character. He will thus be qualifying himself, or she herself, for instructing both by precept and example. This latter, though by far the most influential in moulding the character of the child, is much less frequently brought to bear than bare instruction. What Paley says upon this subject cannot be better said :—'Parents, to do them justice, are seldom sparing of lessons of virtue and religion, in admonitions which cost little and which profit less ; whilst their *example* exhibits a continual contradiction of what they teach. A father, for instance, will, with much solemnity and apparent earnestness, warn his son against idleness, excess in drinking, debauchery and extravagance, who himself loiters about all day without employment ; comes home every night drunk ; is made infamous in his neighborhood by some profligate connection ; and wastes the fortune which should support, or remain a provision for his family, in riot, or luxury, or ostentation.' Even a child is not thus to be imposed upon ; he knows that actions are sincere language, and, in virtue of the

constitution of human nature, he is made to *feel* the deleterious influence of bad example when so close to him as that of a parent. Would we have our children practise self-control, we must do something more than extol its excellence—we must abjure self-indulgence. Would we have our children devout? we may declaim forever, and in vain, upon the pleasures of devotion, if our children can see no traces of it in ourselves, but, on the contrary, in conversation and in conduct, a worldly spirit. Would we have our children love their neighbors? we must do more than tell them it is the will of God; we must show them that we consult our neighbors' good, and plan for them little kindnesses. In short, sisters and brethren, if we would have our children good, we must first be good ourselves. Let us think and act upon this ere it be too late.

DELTA.



A FEW ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

Original.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER so long a digression as that indulged in the last chapter, we now come again to Religion. The reader may, perhaps, be inclined to consider that she was safely ensconced in so good a harbor as Worldly Prosperity. But this is a false assumption; especially considering to whom her introduction was mostly owing into that place. I know not that she would have been received into the city of which I have spoken, had not Popularity countenanced it, and opened his arms and house to receive her. He was a person whom the inhabitants of Worldly Prosperity very much regarded. It was very well that they admitted Religion to an abode in their midst; but still it would have been much more preferable had they all been actuated by *love to her, sympathy for her cause, respect for her person, regard for her virtues*, and not by a *reverence for Popularity*. We shall, as we trace the progress of her history, see the evils which arose, and the difficulties in which Religion was placed, owing to the circumstance that many of those who dwelt in Worldly Prosperity on her first entrance into it, paid their polite devoirs to her simply because Popularity seemed her friend.

The safe asylum which Religion found in the manner previously noticed, of course was well

calculated to vex and foil those enemies which, as we have seen, pursued her so relentlessly, and their vexation on this account was sensibly aggravated by the circumstance that they themselves had previously had possession of the city which Religion had now gained. Yes, Idolatry, Tradition, and even Philosophy, at times, had enjoyed a dwelling in Worldly Prosperity. This, however, was in the height of their power, and ere Religion had, to so great an extent, deprived them of authority and influence. But now that she had so completely, in a large degree, overpowered them and deprived them of their friends and attached them to herself, she occupied the station they formerly enjoyed, while they were obliged to retire. In their fallen estate they had no better place in which to ensconce themselves, than a city at some considerable distance from Worldly Prosperity, called *Adversity*.

Of this place I will give a brief description. It was within the confines of the valley of Human Life, and was situated in the most accessible spot to be found in the region of Poverty, the *bog* of which I referred to in the last chapter. It was much larger than the city of Worldly Prosperity, and contained, and does contain to this day, probably, more inhabitants.

It was a most desolate place, without anything to make it pleasant or agreeable. Its inhabitants were too poor to build it walls, nor was it surrounded by anything calculated to break the severe storms, or check the terrible blasts and tempests which frequently arise, and sometimes abound in the Valley of Human Life. Its climate was wintry and chill, and its soil sterile, and its scenery most desolate to all. None wished to inhabit it, yet thousands were forced to; and its occupants invariably wore mournful and despondent countenances. Many of them had been swept, from causes mentioned in my last chapter, from Worldly Prosperity into the region of Poverty, and found a resting place only here; and, of all, these appeared most dejected and forlorn; they had not been accustomed to the atmosphere, and so heavily did it oppress their spirits, that they had, in many cases, no power to rescue themselves from their situation and obtain a better. Those, however, who had been born in the place, (and there were many such,) or who had remained a long time there, were rather more accustomed to its desolateness; they could, from long habit, endure the fogs and steams which arose from the bog in the region of

Poverty, and constant experience had inured them to the evils of the climate, the chillness of its atmosphere, and accustomed them to heed less the blasts and storms which continually swept over the place.

Yet there were some who did escape their thralldom in Adversity. Inasmuch as Worldly Prosperity sent it occasional tributes, Adversity in return furnished some of its inhabitants to that place. Many were able, by slow degrees, notwithstanding the difficulties under which they naturally labored, to journey from Adversity to Worldly Prosperity, which was, and is still, a favorite city throughout the valley; while others, by a lucky coincidence of circumstances, were saved a toilsome journey, and in comparatively a brief period effected the desirable object.

Notwithstanding its dreariness and desolate appearance to the outward eye, there was one thing which, in the sight of many, took away its deformity and disagreeableness—those who dwelt in it enjoyed the advantages of moral education. One could hardly reside there without having their pride humbled, their feelings softened, and their general demeanor deprived of all *hauteur*, as well as their tempers soothed by that old stepdame, *Experience*, who is school-mistress general in Adversity. Many who have enjoyed her instructions in Adversity, have ever experienced such effects from her instructions; in some, however, less susceptible of good impressions, the effects have not been so plainly observed.

But I must spend no longer time in describing Adversity. Suffice it to say, that to this place the enemies of Religion, in consequence of her reception into Worldly Prosperity, and *after* that event were forced to flee. Their position in this place was even rendered more disagreeable than it otherwise might have been, by the fact that Religion had many friends among the inhabitants there; who would be likely, from their attachment to her, to oppose their interests. The friends of Religion in Adversity have ever been true and tried, by far more attached to her, as a general thing, than her friends in Worldly Prosperity. Indeed, they seem naturally inclined to love her sweetness, inasmuch as her friendship, from the circumstances which surround them, is necessarily bright in the contrast, and better appreciated. It is a luminous spot on which they can fix their eyes, when there is no other brightness on which they can be permitted to rest. Sweet Religion, should I ever dwell in Adversity

give me but thy smiles, and stand but my friend, and it is better than wealth and renown without thee!

But we must return again to Religion in Worldly Prosperity; and, as I have already extended my narrative beyond the length originally designed, must study brevity as much as possible in future.

I have before said that the introduction of Religion into Worldly Prosperity, was owing more to the countenance Popularity extended toward her, than to a genuine affection which the people bore to her. This, however, did not interfere in the least with her triumphant entry; it rather *secured* and forwarded it. Popularity was indeed most eminent, and enjoyed the highest esteem among the inhabitants of the city; almost all ranks courted his favor, and his countenance was sought after even by many who dwelt in *Adversity*. By means of it they strove to obtain or regain a dwelling in Worldly Prosperity. So extensive was his influence, and so many obsequious friends had he, especially in the latter city, that even crowned heads bowed in reverence to him, and lords submitted to be guided by him. Sovereigns, princes, and such as moved in the highest circles, as well as, frequently, those who belonged to lower ranks, were numbered among his servants and attendants. But what has all this to do with Religion, save to show how effectually the favor of Popularity extended as it was toward her, insured her an honorary reception into Worldly Prosperity, and secured the friendship of most of the inhabitants?

Indeed, it did seem, on her first arrival among the inhabitants of that place, as though they thought that they could not do her too much honor. The whole city crowded around her, flowers were strewed within her path, the air was filled with acclamations and shouts of welcome, and each one seemed most anxious to open heart and home for her reception, and to have her display herself at his board and fireside. She was welcomed at every dwelling the place afforded, from the palace downwards. It must be confessed that much *real affection* for Religion mingled with and induced the honors paid her, and that much genuine warmth of feeling was exhibited in protested regard for her interests. But Popularity still stood her firmest friend, and while this was the case, she was, in Worldly Prosperity, sure of the greatest degree of attention.

Zeal will sometimes overleap itself, and in their efforts to manifest their regard for Religion the Worldly Prosperitans exposed her to the greatest dangers.

There was an old fellow called Hypocrisy, who deserved long before to have been reprobated from all society, who was very prompt on Religion's arrival in Worldly Prosperity, in drumming up recruits for her service. He was a sort of Indian, more than half savage, very seldom to be found in company with barbarians, where they were guileless children of nature, and yet totally unfit for civilized society. He was, or had been, in times gone by, a great hunter of wild beasts; and, withal, a great *wolf catcher*; which animals he generally devoted to one special purpose. He was very ingenious in his disposal of them; he would robe them in lambskins, and shroud them in 'sheep's clothing,' and by this kind of masquerade in which their ravenous nature would be veiled, he would set them at liberty to prowl at their leisure, which by his assistance they were able to do with impunity. Alas! how many 'Red Riding Hoods,' there were who have been wretchedly deceived by these transformed brutes. If they did not mistake them for 'grand mammas,' they judged them to be what their outward appearance indicated, and discovered, too late to escape the deadly evil, that they had *great mouths*, the declarative purpose and use of which was to *eat them up*.

Hypocrisy of whom I have attempted a description, but to whose appearance and character I have by no means done justice, was very forward, as above hinted, in attaching some among the Worldly Prosperitans to the service of Religion, and appeared very zealous in devoting himself to her. But never was Religion more endangered than when this vile wretch, so unworthy of the friendship of any, was allowed to venture near her. He was always accompanied by a long phalanx of domesticated wolves, clad in the garb of better animals than nature ever intended them for. Yet, notwithstanding all this obsequiousness, a farthing candle would have outshone the gleam of affection he may be said to have had for her, or for her interests; and his followers would as soon have doomed her to death, as to have fed her that she might live, had it not been somewhat for *their* interests to have followed his guidance.

But this chapter is already long, and it remains

to relate, in a following chapter, the perils into which Religion fell by the misguided earnestness of the inhabitants of Worldly Prosperity to serve her.

D. J. M.



ADVICE TO A SON INTENDED FOR THE MINISTRY.

Original.

WHILE the overseers of your theological education will abundantly supply you with suitable directions for conducting most efficiently your separate studies, allow me, my dear son, to suggest to you one consideration which should apply to all your studies, and regulate, indeed, the whole of your conduct as an aspirant for the sacred ministry. To what cause are you about to devote yourself? Is it to support, elevate, aggrandize yourself? The most abject and unworthy would not confess such motives, even when actually under their influence. Every one is conscious of their unworthiness; and I know your nature too well to suspect that you could ever entertain such as your *leading* motives. But I would rejoice *χαρὰν μεγάλην σφοδρὰ*—most cordially would I rejoice to be assured that such motives had no share in the principles which actuated you. To what cause, then, is it, that you are about to devote yourself? To the advancement of the dominion of Christ within your immediate sphere, and throughout the world—to the promotion of human improvement, and especially of the moral and spiritual purification or sanctification of man—to the help of Jehovah against the mighty obstacles to the reformation of his children. This is the work, this the task which you are about to undertake; I hope you will do so in all singleness and sincerity of heart. I hope no ambitious, no pre-eminence-loving views will mingle with your desires to accomplish these high objects. The cause of Christ is not to be served or furthered by men who love his service chiefly for the loaves and fishes;—it is not to be furthered by men who love the clerical profession for its dignified ease and comfort. As little can this cause, which involves the present and future welfare of our race, be prospered by him who gives way to envious and malicious feelings towards other sects, and who converts his pulpit into a 'cannon's roaring mouth' which ever at the regular periods belches forth discharges of heretical condemnation, and consequent misery and wo. From all such motives in the discharge of your all-im-

portant duties, I trust your mind will be entirely free.

My wishes in reference to the ruling principle of your conduct as an aspirant for the holy ministry, may, therefore, be summed up in a few words. I would have you exclude from your mind all minor considerations, and devote yourself *supremely, exclusively, conscientiously, habitually*, to the promotion of pure and unadulterated christianity. I would have you a servant of Jesus who needeth not to be ashamed, even were your bosom bared to universal inspection. Devote all your energies to Jesus, and fear not the fulfillment of his words: 'All the things, after which the men of the world seek, will be super-added—*προστιθησονται*—unto you.' I would wish to see you almost a Brainerd or a Gutzlaff, or even as a Paul, indefatigable, unwearied in your labors in the cause of Christ. Your own conscience will, I am certain, speak to you in the same tones as I have; and I hope you will assume and cultivate moral fortitude enough to resist every temptation which would sway you from obedience to your father, your conscience, your God.

Permit me, my dear —, in conclusion at this time, to say, that unless you make the above object your motive sole and supreme, in preparing for, and prosecuting your ministry, you will be a pigmy christian, a most unhappy-hearted man, and a most inefficient servant of Jesus, of whom, I fear, it will never be said, 'Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

DELTA.



THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

Original.

BY MISS MARY ANN DODD.

ALAS! the days of chivalry are gone,
Of wild adventure and of thrilling story,
When father Time his glittering wings put on,
And knights and ladies lived for love and glory.

Then the fair damsel graced the festal board
By brave and courtly cavaliers surrounded,
With tale and song the sparkling wine was poured,
And the wide castle hall to mirth resounded.

Would I had lived in those old times—ah me!
When life was all romance and lovers plenty—
When every dame of lengthy pedigree,
Could number in her train no less than twenty.

Not such cold hearted ones as we have now,
Whose smiles to say the least are rather *shady*;
Who think the passing notice of a bow,
Sufficient homage to be paid a lady.

Nor like the beau who reckless of the duds—
All rules of etiquette and deference scorning—
Seeks to surprise his mistress in the suds,
And pops right in upon a Monday morning.

Give me the valiant knight who breaks a lance
With every cavalier my beauty doubting,
And thinks himself repaid with one bright glance,
For the light toil of a whole dozen routing.

Who in his calendar but marks the hour
Which brings him to my feet with homage lowly,
And if I chance to drop a faded flower,
Among his relics treasures it as holy.

See! in the bannered hall on dais high
The queen of hearts all other maids excelling!
While her fair damsel train are clustering nigh,
And at her feet his tale the minstrel telling—

How on some deed of high emprise departs,
A knight—'without reproach'—Orlando fearless,
Who humbly worships in his heart of hearts
Some lily of the vale, or rose the peerless.

Or how he seeks a castle old and gray,
When careless sentinels are peaceful dreaming,
And a lone taper sheds its steady ray—
Love's beacon light from the high turret gleaming.

A ladder light will soon the lady find,
Who on his honor places firm reliance;
And their fleet steeds leave danger far behind,
Bidding to warder and to watch defiance.

But now we have a tale so tame and true,
Of some plain Benjamin, and simple Norna,
Who for a year or more will worry through
A humdrum courtship in the chimney corner.

Where knight and dame rode o'er the velvet green,
With flowers and streams along their pathway lying;
A host of hurrying bipeds now are seen,
In rail-road cars like evil spirits flying.

No more may wandering minstrel prove to be
Some gallant prince with love and valor burning;
Or constant maid her own heart's idol see
In paladin from Holy Land returning.

For ah! the days of chivalry are o'er,
Of wild adventure and romantic story,
When father Time his jewelled pinions wore,
And knights and ladies lived for love and glory.
Hartford, Ct.



CHRISTIAN FREEDOM.

Original.

WHEN Jesus was questioned by Pilate, he declared his kingdom not to be of this world. It is a kingdom of truth, and his power and authority are intellectual. The freedom, therefore, which Christ confers on man, is purely spiritual, and to be his freeman is to be free from sin, free from false religious fear, and free from an undue deference to the opinions of men. All this the truth confers, and all this is required ere man can be

free indeed. For he that is the servant of sin, is the slave of sin; he that is under the dominion of false religious fear, is bound in more galling chains than ever fettered the body; and he that gives an undue deference to the opinions of men, yields up all the dignity of the individual, and becomes the servant of other minds. Christ bids us be free by throwing off all these servile bonds, and acting as beings conscious of an individual accountability for the proper use of the talents given us. He permits no human creature to step in between man and the truth, and shut up the avenues of inquiry. He never, by example or precept, sought to intimidate the student of divine things, by a fear of endangering his eternal interests. But he earnestly bade men exercise all their rational powers in investigating the truths of his doctrine, and without this it is impossible that they could or can understand its consistency and excellence.

Christ Jesus was the friend of human freedom in its best and broadest sense. When he commenced the great work of his mission, he was surrounded by intellectual slaves. Traditions and the commandments of men swayed a sceptre over a vast empire of mind, and subverted some of the plainest teachings of the human heart. A few, more gifted than the rest, held a despotic power, and moulded and bound the minds of others as they pleased. And this was the root of most of the difficulties which sprung up to impede the success of his doctrine. There were but few who could hear with candor; and the ease with which the multitude was made to assail him, is sufficient to show the power of the priests and rulers. And then the anathema of the church was hurled at him who followed the Savior, and the curse of the synagogue rang in the ear of him who took Christ for his Master. All social privileges, and domestic quietness, were torn from such, and they were hunted as the enemies of all good.

This degrading and enslaving spirit has not left our earth. It now walks forth seeking whom it may devour. It now seeks to enslave and war against the spiritual freedom of man. It now arms itself to keep the inquiring mind from treading beyond its own narrow circle. It now lives and breathes one of the worst enemies of human social progress, and the most powerful aid of the rulers of the darkness of this world. It has caused many to scorn religion as an enslaving principle, as forbidding the mind its proper action,

and deterring its investigations by penalties infinitely worse than the scourge in the hand of the tyrannic master of slaves. But humanity is awaking to its proper dignity and rightful sovereignty over self. Men begin to feel that truth in religion, like truth in the arts and sciences, is to be gained only by free, patient and laborious thought; and regarding christianity as the true genius of intellectual liberty, they throw off the enchaining idea that man may risk eternal interests by aiming to hear and examine all doctrines. Ours is an age of inquiry, and it is no wonder that extra efforts are put forth to gain recruits to the army of the limiters of the Holy One of Israel, for men are fast discovering that they have fought against truth in attaching themselves to the ranks of partialists. 'Great is the truth, and it will prevail.'

Much is said in our day of outward slavery—of the unholy tyranny of man over man—and yet thousands who are engaged with a Jehu zeal in this cause, are the advocates of a spiritual tyranny which outrages the holiest rights of humanity. They persuade the credulous that it is a sin—a dangerous evil, to hear the advocates of the illimitable grace of God, and when one who has long been a disciple of their faith, receives the light of universal redemption, and acknowledges it, they will pursue that one with persecution worse than ever a fugitive slave was pursued by a cruel master, and they would force that one back to a bondage fearful indeed; for surely I would rather be a galley slave, scourged each night to the dungeon, than be in bondage to the doctrine of infinite wrath and suffering. There are many laboring in the earth as the property of man, who have received by tradition brighter and more glorious views of the unseen state than millions of christians, and who, ignorant and degraded as they are, are yet not so utterly devoid of divine knowledge as to regard the great Jehovah as an eternal and wrathful slaveholder—holding in chains of burning misery millions of the creatures formed by his power.

The truth—christian truth, is the genius of liberty. Its mission will yet be accomplished in emancipating all bondmen—in causing man to recognize in man a brother and a child of God. The truth can alone do this, for true philanthropy cannot be excited in the hearts of men universally, but by the diffusion of a correct knowledge of God, human relationship and duty, and the destiny of man. This—all this in perfection—chris-

tianity bestows. And on her energy and influence must rest the strongest hopes of those who desire and seek and labor for human elevation, freedom and happiness. The religion of fear and partiality has reigned for centuries, and yet degrading slavery of mind, heart and body exists. Philosophy has tried its boasted potency, and proved unfitted for the work. And now christianity is to attempt the work. She will do it. God made her for it. She is moving among and arranging aright the elements of society, and her name is love. She will purge out the rottenness of deceitful philosophy, and the corrupting deadness of partial doctrines, and so purify the whole system, that a broad and generous, yea, all embracing benevolence, may freely and vigorously circulate through every part. So long as partial doctrines of religion exist, man will be partial; and so long as man is partial, slavery in many forms will be perpetuated, humanity degraded, and God dishonored. Our only hope is in christianity—elevating, sanctifying, and liberating christianity.

One of the most brilliant writers of the age has observed—Christ 'bade us love one another, not only that love in itself is excellent, but that from love, which in its widest sense is but the spiritual term for liberty, whatever is worthiest of our solemn nature has its birth.' How much to excite thought—deep and serious reflection, is in that remark. Indeed love, broad and generous love, is the parent of the worthiest feelings, the noblest traits of character. The most honorable of our race have been distinguished for their expansive philanthropy, and the want of this characteristic has dimmed the brightness of the fame of many of the mighty and victorious of earth. Christianity is the incarnation of love, and her true worshipers are the devoted disciples of benevolence. So true it is, that 'from love whatever is worthiest of our solemn nature has its birth;' and our nature is a solemn nature, when we consider from whom it came, for what purposes its attributes were given, and its high destiny.

But I have made this quotation rather to allude to another member of the sentence, which embraces a beautiful thought, and no less correct than beautiful; thus,—'*Love is the spiritual term for liberty.*' As love is the soul of christian truth, and truth makes free indeed, this sentiment that 'love is the spiritual term for liberty,' harmonizes with the teachings of Jesus. We should blend these together, and draw the great moral to in-

struct, that uncorrupted christian truth creates a more generous love in the heart as it increases its dominion over the affections and feelings, and thus liberates man from slavish religious fear, from the love of unrighteousness, from the power of ignoble passions and propensities, and from the indulgence of wrong feeling toward any human being. All these enslave man. All these abridge his freedom. All these are to be triumphed over ere he can be free—ere he can be a true freeman of the Lord. Christian truth, whose soul is love, can effect this desired good, and thus make free indeed.

This gives us an exalted idea of christian liberty. It is something worth striving for, and far superior to the gilded toys and blazing pageantry of earthly ambition. And if the strifes and struggles of the world had always been for this idea of liberty, how less bloody would be the page of man's history. How many crimes have been committed in the sacred name of liberty! Too often have men boasted much of devotion to her cause, while they have made her the sister of licentiousness, and admired her as releasing them from just restraints. But they have need to look on Christ as the representative of the true freeman. And man can alone be free by seeking the spirit of liberty that dwelt in Christ. And what was that? It was the spirit of truth and love; it is to have such views of God and his government, as to feel that there is pleasure connected with obedience to each command or requirement, that human dignity is in human duty, and that the worst of slavery is to be in bondage to passion and sin; it also embraces a recognition of the paternity of the Divine Being, the brotherhood of man, and the mutual relations, dependences, sympathies and wants, so that the enkindlings of a warm and generous love may ever fill the heart with true philanthropy. God made us to know him and to love one another; and till then we cannot be free. There will be chains around us, fettering the soul to guilt and fears, and preventing us from knowing that elevation of mind that towers above the degrading influences of selfishness and a narrow love.

'All the truths of religion,' says an eloquent writer, 'conspire to one end, spiritual liberty. All the objects which it offers to our thoughts are sublime, kindling, exalting. Its fundamental truth is the existence of one God, one infinite and everlasting Father; and it teaches us to look on the universe as pervaded, quickened and vi-

tally joined into one harmonious and beneficent whole, by his ever present and omnipotent love. By this truth it breaks the power of matter and sense, of present pleasure and pain, of anxiety and fear. It turns the mind from the visible, the outward and perishable, to the unseen, spiritual, and eternal, and allying it with pure and great objects, makes it free.'

And it is a glorious freedom—we feel it is such when we consider the misery, degradation, and despair, caused by its absence. This freedom acquaints the mind with its mighty powers for good, tells it of its high origin, and of its immortal destiny. And christian truth alone imparts this, and therefore true freedom cannot be separated from religion. The truth makes free, christianity is the truth, love is the soul of christianity, and love is but the spiritual term for liberty.

How brilliant is the wisdom of our Maker marked on this order of things! Man's desire is for freedom—a love of liberty is inwrought in the very constitution of his nature, and nature herself is troubled at the sound of the tyrant's or the oppressor's name. It is natural then, that man should seek for liberty, but in the midst of his search and his toils, the spirit voice from on high tells him he can only find it in connection with christian truth and christian love. Happy is he, if he leaves the stormy struggles of low ambition and false pride, and seeks to be free in the liberty wherewith Christ makes free.

Religion has its warnings—its threatenings, but they were not given to enslave the soul to fear. No, far from it, but are directed against the passions and temptations that enthrall; they warn us against the power of these; they arm us with courage to war against them; they sound the alarm, lest through the deceitfulness of sin we become captives to satan, and lose our spiritual freedom. In this light—and it is the true light—how brightly is the love of God marked on the warnings against sin! how gracious is his care lest we be betrayed into the service of our foe! how condescending to guard us from all that can endanger our liberty or disturb our virtue! Surely, the devout reverence of grateful hearts is his due; and the assurance should abide in our hearts, that 'whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the word, this man shall be blessed in his deed.'

Let us then assert the dignity of our nature.

Recognize the high purposes and ends of existence. Realize the spiritual union that exists between the Divinity and humanity. And keep the eye of the soul on the glorious destiny promised by the grace of the eternal Spirit of love. So shall we live in humble dependance on Divine Providence, calmly trusting in his goodness, resigned in hours of sorrow, trial and bereavement, generous toward all, and leave this world with the comforting hope of being of that creation that shall be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Grant it, O thou spirit of good! for our prayer is in the name of Him who loved us, and gave himself for us. ED.



PASSAGES FROM A SISTER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Original.

(Continued from page 102.)

* * * * I HAVE been so delighted, my dear sister, so charmed, with a memoir of the neglected founder of infant schools, which has lately fallen into my hands, that I embrace the first opportunity of transmitting it to you. Besides the interest which attaches to the narrative, and to the development of the noblest virtues under the influence of one exalted motive, I am bound to this memoir by the valuable hints which it has afforded me in improving my own character, and that of my children. Your own reflections will, probably, suggest hints to you similar to those with which I have been impressed. Allow me to dilate a moment upon one which I hope will prove the spring of many energetic efforts on my part, in the formation of my children's character, and of many blissful fruits to them in their future career.

(The following outline of the memoir of Louise Scheppler, the person referred to, will, doubtless, be acceptable to our readers, and seems necessary to understand what follows. Nearly a century ago there were found, in a valley of the Vosges mountains, in France, a small settlement of families who were exceedingly rude and uncivilized, indeed semi-barbarians. A pious country priest undertook their civilization and moral improvement. From an almost savage condition, the since famous M. Oberlin succeeded in making his subjects good agriculturists, industrious, economical, fond of reading and good conversation, religious, moral, peaceful, (formerly ever

qurelling and violent,) and able to make their children partakers of the same blessings. A good spirit—the spirit of Christ—animated and supported this philanthropist in his labors. Struck with admiration of this unfeigned piety and philanthropy, a young woman in one of the villages of the valley, Louise Scheppler, with cordiality devoted herself to aid in the cause in which M. Oberlin was laboring. As a nurse of the sick, as a carrier of his messages, as an assistant in any way, her services were ever ready, herself ever indefatigable. But her own ardent desire of being useful in the work of ameliorating the condition of her fellow-settlers, arousing her own powers of thought, succeeded in making her more worthy of fame, in the history of infant schools, than even Wilderspin. She first, so far as we can ascertain, taught an infant-school. Females there wrought in the fields, and she remarked how much of their valuable time was lost by their being obliged to oversee their younger children. She proposed to M. Oberlin to collect the children of her village into one hall, and there amuse, instruct, and exercise them in useful employments. From this suggestion and example of a poor peasant girl, arose all the infant schools of France and England, 'where the children of the working classes, who would otherwise be exposed to accidents and vicious examples, are watched over, instructed and protected. The honor of an idea which has produced such beautiful results is solely due to this poor peasant of Ban de la Roche; to this she consecrated all her worldly means, and what are of more value, her youth and her health.' At an advanced age she was found with a hundred children around her, devoting to them a half of her time, yet without receiving any compensation. Indeed no labors of love were ever more disinterested—more purely benevolent. Bequeathed at his death to the care and adoption of his children by M. Oberlin, she refused all participation in the estate, and requested only to add the name of Oberlin to her own.)

In this history of a poor uneducated peasant girl, as well as in the history of her exemplar, Oberlin, it is easy to perceive that one master passion or principle—one ruling principle—one single motive was the sole cause which educated, from undisciplined minds, all the astonishing intelligence, and all the uncommon, we might say unworldly virtues which were displayed by these self-sacrificing twain. This sole mover and reg-

ulator of the mental and moral on-goings you will readily perceive to have been pure and active benevolence—a sincere and energetic desire of doing good—an unreserved consecration of themselves, their time and their talents, to the promotion of the welfare, physical and spiritual, of the poor semi-barbarians among whom they cast their lot.

Now we have both known that a love of knowledge, a desire of excellence in one's profession or employment, a desire of eminence, and of independence, by which I mean self-dependence, that all of these have the tendency to bring out into action and energy the intellectual faculties, and to improve the moral condition. I have been accustomed to adduce to my children as illustrations of this truth, and as incitements to encourage them to similar desires and exertions, the examples of Franklin, Capt. Cook, Sir Isaac Newton, the two Milners, the professor and the author of the History of the Church, Sir Wm. Jones, &c., in the lives of all of whom is evident the quickening influence on intellect, and the improvement of morals, which originated in some of the motives to exertion which I have named. But from the story of Louise Scheppler I have learned a new and useful lesson. I have been taught the superior influence of benevolence—of a desire to be useful to others, in quickening the intellect, in spurring it to continued contrivance and activity, and in educating, from hitherto undisciplined moral sentiments, not a mere outward, but a genuine inward morality. On this hint, sister, I mean to act, both for the improvement of myself and children. For it would seem that the nobler, the more elevated the motive which stimulates us to action, so much the more excellent and improving the influence which is thence reflected upon the intellectual faculties, the moral sentiments, and, indeed, upon all the higher and better parts of our nature. * * * *

* * * * Some late occurrences have led me to reflect upon the importance of giving to children an accurate and ample idea of what life is—of what they are to expect when they come upon the stage of this world for themselves. The majority of youth, it seems to me, commence their intercourse with the world with very inadequate and erroneous ideas and expectations. Hence, I suppose, come those frequent, but very unbecoming complaints which are so much too often uttered against the constitution of this world, as, Oh, such a world! There never was such a

world! Well, what better could we expect in such a world?

After the reflections which I have had upon this subject, I shall consider myself exceedingly culpable if I allow any opportunity of giving my children some knowledge beforehand of what they may expect—of what human nature is, and what are the usual motives, occupations and behavior of men—also of what mistakes and what temptations they should specially be on their guard against, until experience is acquired sufficient for a safeguard. The lapse of time will supersede our cautions; but it would be dread neglect not to impress them.

I am more and more opposed to my children's perusal of fictitious writings. Without the stimulus and the strength which these supply to the imagination, this faculty is naturally too vigorous and preponderating in youth; while judgment is too inactive and too imbecile to correct it. It is because of its disproportionate growth and vigor in youth, that the imagination at this age craves such food, such gratification—so, at least, I have conjectured. I have lately read two or three of these works of fiction, in order that I might confirm or correct my previous judgment. I find, even in those of Miss Porter and Sir Walter Scott, many misrepresentations of what life and human beings actually are, and not a few improbabilities resorted to in order to connect the consecutive scenes, and carry on the plot of the story. It is on account of these misrepresentations that I object to novel-reading. A youth, by reason of inexperience does not know what the world is; but the majority of novels leave the youthful reader in a still worse condition than ignorance, for they lead him or her to believe the world to be just exactly what it is not. When such a youth comes forth upon the theatre of life, it is only to meet with perpetual disappointments, to find in himself a total unfitness for the business and intercourse of the world, and to be filled with utter disgust at the world and all its inhabitants. All the erroneous estimates and fanciful calculations in which a novel-reading youth has fondly indulged, have all to be painfully unlearned and resigned; in fables, parables, and shorter stories, we more frequently meet with more faithful pictures of life; but even these should be commented on by a parent.

He gets a great deal of credit who pays but a small debt.

DEDICATION HYMN.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

(Sung at Stirling, Mass.)

OUR temple we have raised to thee,
Thou worship'd of our hearts, alone!
We breathe no prayers, we bend no knee,
To worship graven wood and stone.

Thou God of love! Thou art our God,
And wilt be nigh to hear our vows;
O'er errors ruins we have trod,
And built on truth a holier house.

To thee we consecrate these walls,
Invoking thy benignant care,
That no unholy precept falls,
To leave a stain or shadow there.

Lord, make the hearts that worship here,
Fit altars for this ark of love;
Where holy incense, sweet and clear,
Shall rise and bear our praise above.

Be each adoring spirit bowed
In humble and devoted trust;
And all the wayward and the proud,
Be taught to own thy chastenings just.

And when these earthly temples fall,
And time puts out the fires of faith,
Then in thy temple reared for all,
In joy we'll chant the dirge of death.



A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM.

Original.

I WAS spending the summer in travel. Shortly after the stage left H., a young man hailed the driver, and was taken on board. Two ladies, one of them quite young and the other aged, were with us in the coach. Of course they occupied the back seat. As the stranger sprang up, he glanced around a moment, and then threw himself, with a careless air, into the front seat, facing me. For a moment he indulged in abstraction—then raised a pair of lustrous, dark eyes to mine and ejaculated, 'Shocking dusty! sir;' I acceded to so palpable a fact, while the younger lady looked very interesting. I sat in such a position that my eye commanded the whole interior of the vehicle. The young man evidently wished to be considered a man of the world, and a little affectation in his dress gave him somewhat of a Byronic air. As he was decidedly handsome, a degree of foppery might be excused; but he possessed too much *naivete* to be a man of the world.

He remained silent until we rode through a small village, and as we passed the church he threw as much contempt as possible into his fine

features, and said, 'There is a gospel shop!' The young lady stared; but the elderly one did not appear at all frightened. I smiled equivocally at his observation. His piercing eyes were fixed on my countenance. He seemed to fancy that I entered into the spirit of his remark, for he at once continued, 'Priestcraft will be the ruin of this country, sir.'

'Will be?' said the elderly lady, quietly.

He seemed puzzled. After a moment's hesitation, he rejoined, 'Yes, madam, I make no doubt that it will. We have priests all over the country. Their contradictory doctrines are preached in every village. They have more power, at this moment, than all the potentates in Europe.'

'Then,' said the lady, 'you probably mean that the country is ruined already. I think you remarked that it *would be* ruined.'

'Aunt, did you ever see such tulips,' said the maiden, pointing at a garden by the roadside.

By this time the youth was ready for an answer, and, without heeding the young lady's remark, he said, 'In one sense the country is ruined. People are taught to neglect their substantial interests in search of shadows.'

'You think,' said the lady, 'that the present generation is not sufficiently worldly—that their pursuits are too intellectual. Do I understand you?'

The young man colored slightly, and appeared indignant at being misunderstood. 'They are worldly enough,' said he, impatiently; 'and those who profess the most devotion to the duties of religion, are the most worldly of us all. I never knew a religious person who did not make money his god.'

'I fear that is too much the case,' said the lady, meekly; but those who take the Bible for their guide will not do this. Such religionists do not follow shadows, surely; they, at least, look to their "substantial interests," as you denominate them.'

'I believe the Bible to be a collection of incongruous nonsense,' said the young man, still more impatiently, as he felt that he was taken in his own coil.

The maiden drew a deep breath, but the elderly lady remained perfectly calm. 'Pray explain, sir.'

'In the first place,' said the youth, with glowing eyes, as he mounted his favorite hobby, 'the idea of a God, took its rise in the superstitious

terrors of weak minds. Nature is the only God.' Here he paused and looked about him. 'Pray go on, sir,' said the lady.

'In the next place, what sort of a God do the Bible impostors make him out to be? He gives the Jews a testament called the old dispensation. He afterward alters his mind and recants. He finds, upon experiment, that the old laws will not answer his purpose, and gives them new ones. How does all this agree with our idea of a God?'

'Our idea of a God!' cried the lady.

'I mean, our idea of a wise and perfect being.'

'I am glad to perceive that you have an idea of a wise and perfect being,' said the lady, 'and I believe that idea to be innate. But to your argument. You wonder how a wise being could give the Jews a code of laws, and afterward abolish them and substitute new ones. I had hoped that you would give us something new on this subject. You must be sensible that you have advanced an old objection, and one that has been often answered.'

'It was never explained to my satisfaction,' said the youth, crossing one leg over the opposite knee.

'Suppose, then,' said the lady, 'that you owned a vast tract of land abounding in gold and silver mines. A rude people, unacquainted with the value of the precious metals, reside within a few hundred miles of your land. From some cause or other, you have become very friendly to these people, and you desire to make them a present of your mines—to colonize them upon your valuable land. Would you introduce them at once into your territory, without giving them to understand the value of gold and silver? Would you not first give them an inducement to dig for it?'

'Certainly; but, really, madam, I cannot see the point at which you aim.'

'You will see it presently. Would you not carry to these men samples of gold and silver, that they might know it when they saw it—and would you not explain to them its value? would you not teach them to estimate it?'

'I think I should.'

'Such, sir, was the object of the old dispensation. The Jews were furnished with commandments—all of which Christians consider good; but such as have entered into the kingdom of heaven have no need of these detached laws for the government of their conduct, being endued with the spirit of Christ, which is love—the ful-

fillment of the law—not the dead letter of the law, but the spirit of holiness. The Israelites were like your rude men who must first be taught the value of gold and silver—to whom pieces of it were first shown that they might learn to estimate it. But in your land of promise—which I compare to the dispensation of Christ—dwelt the fullness. When introduced into that country, they could dig for themselves at any time. Their attention was no longer called to the few pieces which you had shown them, for the mines abounded with metals of the same quality.’

‘Your illustration would be much to the point,’ said the young man, ‘if nothing but the laws of morality had been given to the Jews. It applies very well to the decalogue. But what have all the forms and rituals, the ceremonies and burnt offerings, to do with your kingdom of heaven? Are they samples of the precious metals of the new dispensation?’

‘Although not useful under the christian dispensation,’ answered the other, ‘they were abundantly so in the days when they were practised. To return to my illustration—suppose that your people whom you visited in their own land, knew nothing of mining or digging. You might be disposed to teach them these arts before you removed them to your territory. In teaching them the use of tools, and the manner in which mining was performed, you would confer an essential service. Yet when they dug, during this apprenticeship, they would find nothing to reward them for their labor; but they would acquire the art of taking the metals from the ground. Thus were those rituals intended to form the minds of the Israelites, and prepare them for the reception of a more spiritual dispensation.’

But now the stage was rattling over the pavements of the city, and our conversation was brought to a close. Indeed the youth evinced little disposition to make farther replication. As we rode down one of the principal streets, the young man’s eyes were attracted by the front of a large public building which struck his fancy, and he inquired what house it was. I told him it was the Museum. He appeared delighted, and said he had never been to a Museum in his life. I expressed my surprise, and volunteered to accompany him thither on that very evening. As we put up at the same hotel, our arrangements were easily made.

Early in the evening we entered the brilliantly lighted room, in which curiosities from all parts

of the globe were congregated. We first made a stop before the stupendous skeleton of the mammoth. My young companion gazed with undisguised wonder upon the massy frame, and asked many questions, taking great interest in the answers which were given. We passed on to a numerous collection of foreign quadrupeds. My young friend wondered that he had never heard of them before, inquired into the habits of the animals, the uses of their various members, and the manner in which they lived and procured their food. In short, he went through the rooms appropriated to the exhibition in a state of continual wonder and excited interest. Even the insects, shells, and other marine substances, were examined by him with great attention. We spent at least two hours in looking at the various curiosities in the Museum.

When we again reached the public street, he told me that he had spent most of his time at schools and academies, and had seen little of the world. He said that everything he had seen in the Museum was new to him; and he could, even now, scarcely believe that our earth contained such a variety of singular animals, shells, and minerals, as were represented in that collection.

‘You seem much surprised that such things should exist on our earth,’ said I, ‘but they have existed thousands of years, and you knew it not; yet I have heard you this day declare, with great confidence, that there was no God. How can you, who confess to so little knowledge, even with regard to what exists in another quarter of this, your world, pretend to decide upon the inhabitants of other worlds, other states of existence—and even that Being who is said to inhabit eternity, and whose ways are past finding out.’

He remained thoughtfully silent a few moments, and then frankly declared his intention of thinking seriously on the subject before he expressed his sentiments again to any living being.

That youth has since become a preacher of Jesus Christ; and is, at this day, one of the most talented defenders of the christian faith.

Boston, Mass.

BETHA.



Do good to your friend, that he may be more wholly yours; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

In doing what we ought we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.

THE PORTRAIT AND THE FLOWERS.

[A corrected publication.]

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

I BRING thee flowers—bright blooming autumn flow'rs.

The cold November rains and blighting frost,
Swept o'er them, but they withered not ;
And I have culled them from a sheltered bank,
Which all day long the south sun shines upon.
Soldiers-in-green, the gold immortal flower,
Rich velvet violets, and the rose hued aster,
All are here—an offering meet for thee :
Like them in purity of mind and life,
The storms of calumny have harmed thee not,
And thy true piety exhales around
As doth their sweet perfume.

Few years are thine !

Yet on that open brow, ages of thought
Have left their shadowy trace, telling
Of mental toil, and the frame's weariness,
Spared not, nor heeded in thy Master's cause.
Would that those silent lips—so eloquent
In truth's defence—might from a picture speak ;
For the glad tidings which they ever tell
A world in doubt is waiting yet to hear.
Heaven bless thy mission—soldier of the cross—
To win the sinful from their thorny way,
To heal the broken-hearted, and impart
Peace to the dying one, and may thine own
Straight path of duty be with life's flowers strewn.

A ray of golden sunlight sudden gleams
On cheek and brow, and those soft serious eyes
Seem sweetly smiling now with thankfulness,
For these last blossoms of the fading year.



JESUS CHRIST.

Original.

It is not an unprofitable exercise to strip this extraordinary personage of the halo of glory with which custom and tradition have encircled his brow ; to forget him as the Savior of the world ; to forget that we have ever heard his name honored and exalted among men—to open the New Testament as if for the first time in our lives, and subject the words and conduct of Jesus to the sternest rules of criticism. Whether we look at his character and his works, in connection with the peculiar customs of the age, and of the people among whom he dwelt, or think of him as a man now living for the first time on our earth, we shall be struck with the originality of the man ; we shall find him wholly unlike any other human being who existed either before or after him : and in reading his history, it is well to bear in mind that whether it is authentic or not, it is still the most wonderful history that ever was written ; and that if it is wholly an invention, no less eloquent a pen than that of an angel could have given the unique fiction to the world ; so that if the believer is imposed upon, the imposi-

tion has been practised by a superior being. From whatever secondary source, and through whatever medium the doctrines and the sentiments attributed to Jesus Christ, came to us, it is undeniable that they originally sprung from a super-human source. All that had been previously written or spoken by the philosophers, savored of this world. You can trace, throughout the whole, the marks of labor, of weakness, of passion, of resentment and uncertainty ! Great and excellent as are the epistles of St. Paul, they fall far below the sublime simplicity, the comprehensiveness, and unsearchable wisdom of the words of the Lord Jesus. When compared with the course and sentiments of Jesus, even the holy apostle of the Gentiles, appears like a simple deer beside the lord of the forest. The apostles and fathers of the christian church are indeed like stars in heaven—but they twinkle in their brightness ; while the lustre of Jesus is steady as the sun, and sure as the light of day.

The circumstances attending the birth of Jesus Christ were peculiar. We waive the privilege of calling it miraculous. We are content to say that he came of ordinary parentage. We do not particularly desire to state that angels appeared to the shepherds, or that a star rested over the place where the young child lay. All these things might have been reported of an impostor, and there is no intrinsic evidence of the truth of their occurrence. We believe that they occurred, but although such events might have aided the faith of those who lived at the time when they occurred, yet they are not of primary importance to us. Far different is it, however, with regard to the words which those angels are said to have uttered—'Peace on earth, and good will to men !' It was thus that the christian era commenced ; and it is observable that they would have been inappropriate at the birth of any individual who preceded Jesus. The propriety of this salutation adds to the consistency of the whole gospel history.

The evangelists do not pretend to give us any account of the boyhood and youth of Jesus, only in one instance. Men of an inferior stamp would have thought it necessary to tell of remarkable events which happened to him in his early days. They would have magnified every little occurrence, in order that his whole life might have appeared extraordinary. We are simply informed that the Jewish doctors were surprised at his understanding, in all of which there is nothing

very astonishing, as we frequently hear of precocious lads in our own days. But it is sufficient to show us that even at the early age of twelve years, his mind was exercised with those great subjects, of which he was to be the matchless expounder at a future day.

We hear little of Jesus until he had attained to his thirtieth year. It was not the object of the evangelists to write the history of an individual, and to give anecdotes of his early life, in order to afford an opportunity for eulogium. It was the great work which he came to do—the vital importance of his mission which swallowed up all minor matters. The gospel contains a brief record of such events as were necessary to be known.

We shall observe that, unlike all other prophets and ministers of the word, unlike the apostles and primitive fathers, there is no attempt on the part of Jesus, to expand his subject, to give us a great many words in order to illustrate his subject. Brief, comprehensive, and with authority, he gives us the pure ore of truth, unadulterated. 'Let him that hath ears to hear, hear,' was the brief injunction by which he sought to enforce his precepts.

As sudden as the newly risen sun, Jesus appeared among the Jews, teaching with authority, and not as the scribes, performing such miracles as they had never before witnessed—miracles which invariably benefited those who were the subjects of them. It is worthy of note that had he been an impostor gifted with skill to do these things like the magicians, he would sometimes have exerted his power to punish his enemies. No bad man could have withheld his resentment; but he who raised the dead, healed the sick, and restored the blind to sight, told his revengeful disciples when they desired him to call fire from heaven, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.' While he saved others from the bands of death, he patiently suffered himself to be led to the cross. How unlike the prophets of the old dispensation! We see Moses holding up his hands that Israel might prevail, and cut in pieces their fellow-creatures. We see Samuel hewing to death the captive king Agag. On many other occasions, power was exerted in order to work woe to mortal man. Also, the apostles did not always use supernatural power for the good of their fellows. The cases of Elymas the sorcerer who was struck blind after the reproof of Paul; and Ananias and Sapphira who were smitten to death in the presence of Peter, form a marked

contrast with the miracles of the Savior. He came to heal and not to wound. He was the angel of mercy, not of wrath. This should always be borne in mind. While the Creator sometimes empowered the prophets and the apostles to punish the wicked, he designed his beloved Son—in whom dwelt the Father's own nature—to be wholly a minister of mercy. It was said of David that he had shed much blood, but the blessed Redeemer came only to save and bless mankind.

It would be well, if professed christians, instead of justifying their cruelties by the example of the Israelites under the law, would look upon Jesus as their pattern, and endeavor to govern themselves by the same unoffending and benevolent spirit which dwelt in him.

Jesus early began to instruct men in regard to the spirituality of his kingdom. Well did John say—'The kingdom of heaven is at hand; and now is the axe laid at the root of the trees.' In the simplest language, and the fewest words, Jesus tells the people that sin consists not in the outward action of the body, but in the state of the heart. This we all know to be consistent with reason, and true philosophy; yet how long had Israel contented herself with an outward observance of set forms! How long had the teachers of the people considered themselves the salt of the earth, because they were learned in the law of Moses, and mechanically officiated at its ceremonies, with the addition of certain traditions of their own; at the same time that they plundered the widow and distressed the orphan.

It is much in favor of the mission of Jesus that the Jews did not believe on him. The miserable objection urged by infidels, on this score, is deserving of the most consummate contempt. Had Jesus applauded the chief priests in their iniquities, and made himself friends among the rich and the powerful of his nation, the truth of his doctrines might well have been doubted. It was because he came as a reformer, and to reprove the sins of men without respect to persons, to effect a mighty change in the opinions and character of man, that he was rejected by the Jewish nation—faithless as they had always been to their God, and sunk as they were in the mire of abomination. But we do not intend to write an eulogy of Jesus Christ. Believing him, as we do, to have been the Holy One of God, we think it would answer very little purpose to extol his person, and to persuade the world that there was once a perfect man, and that he was called Jesus

of Nazareth. It was not worldly honor, as an individual, that he sought. He did not deny that men might say unto him, 'Lord! Lord!' while they had no claim upon him as his disciples. We have seen all this verified in our own day. We have seen men who speak in the most magnificent terms of the Savior, and who are willing to persecute all those who would derogate from his character; but this is not the point to which I would bring the reader. Even if no such person as Jesus ever existed, we have in the gospel such a description of perfection on earth as fills the whole mind; as gives us higher notions of virtue, magnanimity, and simplicity of character concentrated in one individual, than does the history of any other being. If these remarks should lead the reader to study the New Testament more diligently—to examine the character of Jesus more attentively—and to weigh his actions against those of all other teachers—they will have had a good effect. But, be it remembered, that to form an exalted opinion of Jesus will be useful only as it leads us to imitate his example. A simple admiration of his person is insufficient to secure us the blessing of his labors, for it is not every one that saith unto him, 'Lord! Lord!' but he that doeth the will of his Father who is in heaven, even as he did his Father's will, who will be accepted of him.



SOLITUDE.

Original.

I PITY the man who cannot endure retirement. There must be something wrong in the heart which dreads to be alone. I do not mean to say that every person should be equally fond of solitude; neither will I deny that there are morose and misanthropic individuals whose motives for preferring seclusion to society are anything but creditable. On the one hand, there are some persons who delight to converse with their fellow creatures, who are by nature communicative; and as they are for the most part, possessed of amiable feelings—though sometimes those are joined to a weak understanding—they do not seem to require solitary thought and self-examination so much as those individuals whose words and actions are not so generally calculated to shed a happy influence over society. On the other hand, there are some men who appear to be possessed of an unhappy temperament, who evince

little sympathy with their kind, and who, when drawn into conversation, seldom speak but to condemn, and seldom praise anybody but themselves. It can scarcely be considered creditable to the hearts of the latter that they choose to be alone. It can scarcely be believed that their solitary musings are profitable to themselves or honorable to the Creator. Neither can we blame the former for delighting in society, since it only affords them an opportunity to cultivate good feelings, and to extend kind offices to their fellow creatures.

There are, however, few people whom occasional solitude will not improve. Perhaps there never was a bright and original genius who did not gather some of his most lofty sentiments—and found his most exalted theories amid the wastes of solitude. It is not amid the busy crowd of men—it is not in the mart of business—in the forum or the crowded drawing room, the festive hall, or the glittering saloon, that men draw inspiration down. There are tongues in the running brooks—in the sombre foliage—in the seaworn shore—and the rugged rock, whose accents are never syllabled where the hum of crowds is heard. A thoughtful man in a wilderness is a cynosure around which cluster a thousand images; and if he be a man of devout feelings, the doves descend and feed him with the bread of the heavenly kingdom.

In a religious point of view solitude is of the utmost importance. Not that a christian should disqualify himself from being useful to his fellow creatures—not that he should run away from his duties: but before he can improve others, he must be himself deeply imbued with the spirit of righteousness. Where will he gather that spirit? Not from among men—not from the world; but from his Father who is in heaven. He must then seek for it. He must devote time and attention to holy things. He must retire from the hurry and heat of business—from the pestiferous breath of the world. In solitude he holds communion with the promised Comforter; he peruses the sacred volume; and among the harmonious works of the creation, he ponders upon their great Creator. He can here examine his own heart, and here he can form good resolutions for the future. In solitude the spirit and the understanding renew their strength.



WRITE down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present.

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

AN APOLOGUE.

DURING the violence of a storm, a traveler implored relief from Jupiter, and entreated him to assuage the tempest. But Jupiter lent a deaf ear to his entreaty. Struggling with the unabated fury of the whirlwind, tired, and far from shelter, he grew peevish and discontented. 'Is it thus,' said he, 'the gods, to whom our sacrifices are offered daily, heedless of our welfare and amused with our sufferings, make an ostentatious parade of their omnipotence?' At length approaching the verge of a forest, 'here,' he cried, 'I shall find that succor and protection which heaven, either unable or unwilling to aid me, hath refused.' But as he advanced, a robber rose suddenly from a brake, and our traveler, impelled by instant terror and the prospect of great danger, betook himself to flight, exposing himself to the tempest of which he had so bitterly complained. His enemy, meanwhile, fitting an arrow to his bow, took exact aim; but the bowstring being relaxed with the moisture, the deadly weapon fell short of its mark, and the traveler escaped uninjured. As he continued his journey, a voice issued awful from the clouds: 'Meditate on the providence as well as on the power of heaven. The storm which you deprecated so blasphemously, hath been the means of your preservation. Had not the bowstring of your enemy been rendered useless by rain, you had fallen a prey to his violence.'



THE LOVE OF GOD.—The love of God flows freely and spontaneously. The mother needs no argument to persuade her to love her child—the fountain needs no argument to induce it to send forth its waters—the sun needs no argument to win him over to shed forth his precious light; so the love of God is not constrained, but flows from his very nature; God is love, therefore he must love.

NOTICES.

THE YOUNG HUSBAND; or duties of man in the marriage relation. By Wm. A. Alcott; author of *Young Wife, &c.* George W. Light, Cornhill, Boston. Let him that is, or intends to be, a young husband, take this volume with him to the calmness of retirement, read it with care, and apply to the guidance of his conduct whatever approves itself to his sober judgment, and much good will result to him. We never saw a work intended to counsel the newly married pair, or to exhibit the duties of the married life, which we could entirely approve, nor is it so with the volume

before us. Among the many things therein embraced, there are some things we dislike; but believing the author's purpose to be pure, the work in general useful, and the duties touched upon important, we commend the work cheerfully to the public, as worthy their attention. The publisher has our thanks for a copy. pp. 388.

RICHERS WITHOUT WINGS, or the Cleaveland family. By Mrs. Seba Smith. Boston; George W. Light, 1838. pp. 162. We do not know when we have been more completely interested in a little volume of the story character than in this. Its *naturalness* is admirable. Its moral is excellent. The style is very pleasing, and most happily has the authoress succeeded in showing that mental and moral wealth—the wealth of christian goodness, of domestic and social affections, of a love of the good and beautiful in nature, is wealth far superior to mere worldly riches—dollars and cents, splendor and luxury. The authoress has done the public a service; for whatever tends to bring the minds of men to a sense of the worth of 'durable riches,' according to Solomon's idea, is worthy of praise. We hope for it an extensive circulation.

AN ADDRESS at the Centennial celebration in Hardwick, Mass., Nov. 15, 1838. By Lucius R. Paige, pastor of the first Universalist society in Cambridge. Cambridge; Metcalf, Torrey & Ballou, 1838.

The author has our thanks for the copy sent. We regret it did not arrive in time for us to give it the attentive perusal which the writings of the author demand and merit. The title page, as above, fully explains the occasion of the composition; and the author rightly judged the most proper subject for the occasion to be, 'a brief historical sketch of the town of Hardwick.' The fulfillment of his task undoubtedly cost considerable labor, in research and selection, and we feel confident that the sketch can be relied upon as matter of fact. He certainly can review his effort with satisfaction.

LIFE OF CHRIST. This is an elegant juvenile work, comprising a life of our Lord in the Evangelists words, being 'a complete harmony of the gospel history of our Savior.' This work does credit to the Messrs. Harpers' press; it contains a very large number of handsome engravings, illustrative of incidents in the life of Jesus; two plates in the opening of the book are superb, in the new style of two colors. It is very neatly bound—pages 292. Mr. B. B. Mussey, Cornhill, has our thanks for a copy.

'EVENINGS AT HOME, or the Juvenile Budget opened; by Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. From the 15th London edition; illustrated with engravings after Harvey and Chapman, by Adams. New York; Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street.'

This is the most splendid edition of this ever popular juvenile work we ever beheld. The publishers have taken advantage of all the improvements and additions of the late English editions, and have presented a volume which is richly worthy the attention of the public. The engravings are superior, and those acquainted with the work itself need not be told how admirably it is adapted to interest, please and edify young persons. The youth that receives this volume as a present, will not only have a book deserving of his or her care, but 382 large pages of engaging and instructive reading. To Mr. B. B. Mussey, the agent for the Harpers, we are indebted for our copy.

SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS. A translation from the French. This very neat volume contains a series of

very interesting stories, and other relations, under the guise of holiday visits to Aunt Adela's cottage. This gives an agreeable style to the whole, and it may well be imagined to be a pleasant book as 'an invitation to Aunt Adela's cottage was considered as among the most desirable of things, and Aunt Adela's holidays were celebrated for miles around.' The *variety* may be conceived of from the condition imposed on Aunt Adela's guests, on these holidays; that each visitor should, if called on, relate a story, read a narrative, recite a piece of poetry, or bring forward some new game, which might then be adopted by the party. The volume is very neatly bound, and adorned with handsome engravings; pp. 218. Wm. Crosby, & Co., Boston, publishers, to whom we are indebted for our copy of this and the four following volumes.

'ROLLO'S VACATION;' 'ROLLO AT SCHOOL.' These are the titles of two of the progressive series of juvenile works by Jacob Abbott. They have all met with decided approbation, and the eagerness with which our young friends read them, and the value they attach to them, sufficiently tests their peculiar adaptation to please and satisfy those for whom they are intended. The author's character as a moralist is sufficient guaranty that they contain no unreal views of life, pleasure, or duty. We do but accord with the general voice when we commend them to public attention.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTHS; a gift for the young. This is another very pretty juvenile work published by the same firm, embracing stories, historical sketches, anecdotes, &c., for each of the 12 months; and, therefore, is a gift for all seasons. It is adorned with a large number of finely executed engravings, and is written in an easy, familiar style.

HOLIDAY STORIES. This is an exceedingly interesting collection for the young, comprising a great variety blending considerable religious instruction. It is abundantly illustrated with engravings to please the eye, while the head is informed and the heart improved. All the volumes received by us, from this new firm of publishers, are creditable to their taste, and in adding to the large mass of juvenile works they have done a service to the public, by contributing works which are valuable and destined, as we hope, to take the place of others that should ere this have been put aside.

REVIEW OF REV. A. ROYCE'S SERMONS against Universalism; in two discourses delivered in Williams-town, Vt., Oct. 10, 1838. By Eli Ballou, pastor of the first Universalist societies in Stowe and Norristown, Vt. Montpelier, F. A. McDowell, 1838. The publisher has our thanks for the copy sent. From a hasty perusal, (for it was received just as we were closing for the month,) we should judge it to be an able refutation of the assumptions and assertions of Mr. Royce against Universalism. A circulation of it among the opposers of our faith will show the gross misrepresentations and false assumptions made and taken by declaimers against Universalism, who know not of what they speak, nor whereof they affirm. The work has yet to be written that shall argue against the correct principles of the Restitution. The 'Review' is published in pamphlet form.

'BOSTON WEEKLY MAGAZINE; devoted to moral and entertaining Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts. Embellished with Music arranged for the piano forte, flute, &c.' This is a most excellent weekly. As a specimen of

typography, it is exquisite; equal, in our estimation, to the far famed, but too much puffed, New York Mirror. If an agreeable variety, pure moral taste, beautiful execution, and low price, can commend a work to public patronage, then we need say no more in behalf of the Boston Weekly Magazine. Published every Saturday, No. 19 Washington Street, at \$2,50 per annum, in advance. Six copies to one address, \$12. All letters to be directed to the publishers, D. H. Ela and J. B. Hall, and postage paid.

PORTRAIT OF REV. HOSEA BALLOU 2D. A beautifully executed lithograph portrait of Br. Ballou, has lately been published, and is pronounced an excellent likeness. It is on sale at Abel Tompkins, 32 Cornhill. Price \$1.

Will those who are in arrears to us at this time, either for the Repository or books, remit us *immediately* on receipt of this No. We sincerely hope this call for our honest dues, will not be made in vain. Our payments at this time are large, and we are dependant solely on our remittances to meet them.

H. S. K. of Gorham, is informed that we have no means of sending the bound volume ordered. It can be had (vol. 3) by sending to this office, price \$2.

The box of Books directed to me a month since, has never been received. Will Brs. G. & H. give me information concerning them? A. T.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. To the numerous inquiries why S. C. E. does not furnish more to 'the feast of reason' which we monthly present our patrons, we must answer that she is engaged on a new work which requires her attention, and that soon we expect to hear often from her.

To our most richly gifted correspondent, C. L. E. of New Haven, we cannot be too grateful for her aid. We should be pleased to reveal her name to our patrons, who are anxious to know the unknown, but reasons that are satisfactory to her own mind, and of course to us, forbid. There is no literary work in the country which has presented more brilliant gems than the exquisite portraits of the 'Poetry of Woman.' What a charming picture is 'Our Minister's Wife,' in this No. She will continue them, and those of our patrons who delight in highly finished pictures, have a rich treat in store.

To our correspondent 'Delta' we are very thankful. His last sheet was very acceptable, and contained the right variety. His own judgment will be as good a guide as to what we want, as any suggestions we could make. He can have the means of doing much good through the medium of our pages, and believing that the character of the work commends itself to his mind, we hope to hear from him as often as convenient. Will he not permit us in his next communication, to use his name?

A communication from J. H. S., has been received, and will appear in our next.

List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending Dec. 28, 1838.

S. C., Greenbush, \$2; S. P., Proctorsville, \$2; C. S., Mantua, \$2; M. K., Bridgewater, \$3; W. T., Vernon, \$2; E. C. W. & S. M., E. Pembroke, \$4; I. N., Middlebury, \$2; R. B., Lynn, \$2; J. S. K., Piscataquogville, \$2; J. H., N. Castine, \$2; T. J. S., Winfield, \$5; H. S., Westerly, \$4; T. D. C., Utica, \$10; S. G., Nunda Valley, \$5; A. P. H., Jackson X Roads, \$3; J. B., Springfield, \$17; P. B., Talbotton, (who is 'Mrs. P. M., Benning, Harris Co. (Ga.)'—no such name is on our books. What shall we do with the \$2 sent?) \$10; R. S., Dexter Village, (he is credited in full for vol. 7—if he concludes not to take the next volume, he will please return the first No. of next vol.) \$3.